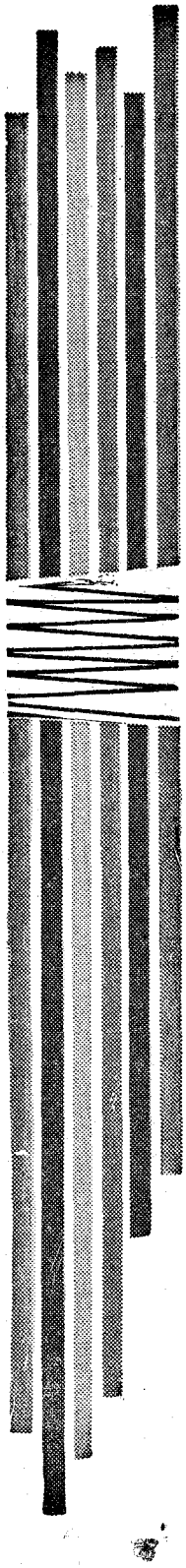
THE NATION

March 9, 1963 . . 25c



Jesse Unruh

'Big Daddy' Of California

Ed Cray

On Washington's Doorstep

THE WRONG EUROPE

Claude Bourdet

GM vs. the Discount House

Your Right to a Car Bargain

Wesley Marx

What the Russians Remember

A Review by Carl Dreher

The Charles C. Sherrod Library
Mars Hill College
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Untouchable budget

Ann Arbor

Dear Sirs: In an otherwise excellent article ("The Coming Politics of Disarmament," February 16) Fred Cook generates one very serious misimpression. In posing the question of whether we can "keep the Warfare State" while changing the distribution of contracts, he says that "Senator Humphrey and other members of Congress from deprived areas obviously hope so. They all vote, virtually without dissent, for ever costlier military appropriations. . . . Patent in Senator Humphrey's attitude . . . was his desire to get a larger slice of the pie for his state, not to threaten the multi-billion-dollar military procurement program."

Surely Mr. Cook is aware that, of all our Senators, Humphrey has been the most vigorous, consistent and effective in seeking a reversal of the arms race. In 1955, when it was highly unfashionable, Humphrey was laying the groundwork for an intelligent U.S. disarmament policy in the form of the Senate Subcommittee on Disarmament. He was also very instrumental in the creation of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, and on the nuclear test ban he has stood almost alone in his well-informed and responsible advocacy of such a treaty. The press has neglected to describe the Senator's role with any care, but a reading of the Hearings and Reports of the Subcommittee will quickly reveal that one Senator at least has made disarmament policy his main order of business.

J. David Singer
University of Michigan

We are, of course, aware of Senator Humphrey's persistent efforts in behalf of disarmament. But somehow —and this was the point of Mr. Cook's argument—the Senator's efforts never quite extended to any criticism of the Administration's defense budget, which he has in general wholeheartedly supported.—Editors

Arms and inflation

New York City

Dear Sirs: May I add a footnote to Fred Cook's superb article (*The Nation*, Feb. 16) on "The Coming Politics of Disarmament"? An obvious and important long-range effect of the arms budget is inflation. Defense expenditures pour money into the economy, but do not produce consumer goods to be bought with that money. As Robert Heilbroner pointed out in *The Future As History*, "It is doubtful that the militarization of the economy could progress very far without very serious price rises in every sector" (of the civilian economy). I think it is important to add this to Mr. Cook's list of reasons why "the billions spent on arms do not build up the domestic economy; in the long run, they debilitate it." One of our major domestic economic objectives — preventing inflation—will increasingly collide with the pressure for greater military spending.

Ronald Gross

Snow's China

Berea, O.

Dear Sirs: Robert North's evaluation of Edgar Snow's *The Other Side of the River* [Feb. 23 issue] lacks some essential explanations. It is not enough simply to assume that there is no basic democratic structure to China's government regardless of the reforms. If the Chinese are considerably better off now, as Mr. Felix Greene seems to think, we who have deliberately blocked their progress have hardly the right to judge their government on our democratic premises.

If Mr. North is to consider Mr. Snow in depth, he should do so carefully or not at all.

David Wuchinich

New York City

Dear Sirs: Mr. North feels the need to belabor, at length, Mr. Snow's equating of rule by the few in China with rule by the few in the United States. The issue, Mr. North says rather comfortably, "lies in the degree to which this 'few' receives its mandate from the 'many,' the degree to which the 'few' is limited from undue exercise of arbitrary power. . . ."

This is a particularly bad time for Mr. North to parade the American record in this respect. Aside from a $60-odd billion budget for the Pentagon, to the neglect of housing and education for the "many," it was only a short time ago that we were treated to a hard-nosed display of rather arbitrary power in Cuba. . . .

Which exercise of power is more repulsive and destructive—China's village snoopers or the American nuclear gamblers—might be difficult to say. But it must be poor consolation to a Southern Negro or an anti-Franco Spaniard to know that "We in the Western democracies perpetrate our share of injustices, but when we do, it is because we are misusing our system—and not because democracy demands their perpetration." If the bombs do fall, due to the predatory thickness of the few, it will be a real comfort to leave with the faith that the system really was a good one.

I think it is a more balanced view that Mr. Snow is trying to knock into our heads—and to do so he must make us less smug about our settled selves. He may be somewhat one-sided—but armchair platitudes about "Western democracies" do not encourage moderation.

Fred Rayfield

THE NATION

Saturday, March 9, 1963
Volume 196, No. 10

In this issue

EDITORIALS
189

ARTICLES
191 On Washington's Doorstep: The Wrong Europe *Claude Bourdet*
195 Your Right to a Car Bargain *Wesley Marx*
197 The Motel Comes to Town *Eugene Raskin*
199 Jesse Unruh: "Big Daddy" of California *Ed Cray*

BOOKS AND THE ARTS
208 What the Russians Remember *Carl Dreher*
210 Bureaucratic Fauna *Harvey Swados*
212 Art *Hilton Kramer*
213 Theatre *Harold Clurman*
215 Films *Robert Hatch*
216 Master and Teacher (poem) *Harvey Shapiro*
Crossword Puzzle (opp. 216) *Frank W. Lewis*

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts
Marion Hess, Assistant to the Editors
Harold Clurman, Theatre
Hilton Kramer, Art
Benjamin Boretz, Music
Carl Dreher, Science
David Ignatow, Poetry
Jane Stolle, United Nations
Alexander Werth, Europe
Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

The Nation, Mar. 9, 1963. Vol. 196, No. 10

The Nation published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1963 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic — One year $10, Two years $18. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required; supply old address as well as new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What Goes on Here?

The negotiations for a nuclear-test ban have been dragging on for more than four years. For four years the two nuclear superpowers have been poisoning the earth's atmosphere and the psychology of mankind (the latter the more acutely because there was a temporary cessation). Testing is even now continuing underground, and may at the whim of either party spread once more to the atmosphere. If hope deferred makes the heart sick, in this situation it must also make the mind cynical, for surely no comparable exhibition of governmental perversity has been inflicted on mankind in recent years.

Yet, unless one makes the untenable assumption that total irrationality possesses the negotiators and their bosses in Washington and Moscow, there must be reasons for the seemingly endless wrangling. And clearly there are, but the problem is no longer scientific or technological: it is 99 per cent political. This is clearly shown both in Geneva and in Washington, and if one knew what goes on behind the walls of the Kremlin it would probably be found there, too. On the American side, even Edward Teller, who was responsible for one of the crasser pieces of pro-test quackery, no longer speaks of muffling underground tests with his "big hole" fantasy. His objections to a test ban are now purely political. It would be a "Munich-style agreement" concluded under "pressure of a public frightened by crises and misled by the mirage of peace." Further testing must be conducted to develop "clean and cheap" nuclear explosives and to thwart the Soviet Union in its design "to conquer the world." This when, according to Seymour Melman, our overkill capacity in terms of the Hiroshima factor is now in the neighborhood of 1,250 while, on the same basis, the Russians can kill the U.S. population 135 times over. If anyone showed equivalent symptoms of obsession in any other field, he would be in danger of being committed to a mental institution.

Teller's opposite number on the political side argues from the same premises. He promises to vote against ratification of any test-ban agreement the President may conclude, on the ground that the Russians will inevitably cheat, that Kennedy is an appeaser (Senator Dodd refrains from applying the term but clearly implies it) and that we must continue testing to develop the neutron bomb ahead of the Russians.

Neither Teller nor Dodd, nor their few allies in the scientific community and their many allies in the political community, pay the slightest attention to the scientific developments of the past few years. By all indications, the number of Soviet earthquakes which might mask underground explosions is much less than was thought; improved methods of detection have greatly minimized the importance of on-site inspection; and the possibility of undetected evasion is approaching the vanishing point. Moreover, a single evasion, or even more than one, would constitute a negligible gain for the evader. Tests which will materially advance the art of nuclear destruction must now be conducted in carefully planned series, and the larger-caliber bombs on which the Soviets are increasingly relying can be tested only in the atmosphere.

The real obstacle to the conclusion of a test-ban agreement now lies in the agglomerated interests of the testers and manufacturers of nuclear weapons and, of course, the political hysterics. A Soviet general, expert in military nucleonics, foresees the end of his salary and fringe benefits should peace break out, as a USAF general does. In the United States, with an industrial economy geared to the Warfare State, the incipient panic engendered by a test ban is widespread and pervasive. Cessation might well inaugurate an era of diminishing international tensions. It is this ulterior fear, not the difference between three and eight on-site inspections, that is holding up agreement on both sides.

The War Party

Senator Joseph S. Clark (D., Pa.) listened to Senator Hugh Scott (R., Pa.) call on the Administration to join with Latin American countries in a "total Western Hemisphere blockade" to force the Russians out of Cuba. He listened to Senator Kenneth Keating (R., N.Y.) declare that the Cuban attack on an American shrimp boat "sweeps away with rocket fire" the Administration's contention that no Soviet offensive weapons remain in Cuba. It may have occurred to Senator Clark that the Cuban Government, which for months has been tolerating daily American reconnaissance flights over its territory, would hardly take official offensive action against a shrimp boat which, moreover, did not carry an American flag. At any rate, Senator Clark had had enough of the partisan clamor that has filled the halls of Congress since the first week in January. "You Republicans," he told Scott, "are rapidly building yourselves up into the war party in this country."

This seems to be about the size of it. The Senate minority leader, Everett M. Dirksen (R., Ill.) has reportedly told President Kennedy that the Republicans will continue to pound him (Kennedy) on the Cuban situation. It is not only that they want the Russians out (with American troops deployed in force all around the Russian borders and in the four quarters of the earth besides); they want Castro and Castroism out of Cuba. Since invasion is the one sure way to get rid of Castro, short of assassination, either the Republicans are truly a war party, or they are pursuing a shamelessly demagogic course which they hope will bring them back to power in 1964.

They must be desperate. In the first place, the election is still eighteen months away, and to keep up

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even such a synthetic war clamor for that length of time is an impossible undertaking. Nobody should know it better than Ev and Charlie; neither of them is a novice in political trickery. But worse, the GOP is not getting away with it even now. Writing from Washington in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, Richard Reston remarks that while the Congressional view of the Cuban jets firing on the unmarked American shrimp boat assumed the proportions of a second sinking of the *Maine*, at foreign embassies the reaction aroused only laughter. That might be borne, since these aliens have no votes in the United States, but Americans are not swallowing the Congressional nonsense any more than the foreigners are.

Both *The New York Times* and the American Institute of Public Opinion (Gallup) have recently concluded a sampling of American views on the Administration's handling of the Cuban problem. The *Times* found that in every section of the country the Republican uproar was regarded as simply partisan politics. Gallup reported numerical results in answer to the question: "In general, would you say that you are satisfied or dissatisfied with the way the Kennedy Administration has been handling the Cuba situation in recent weeks?" Nation-wide, the vote was: Satisfied, 56 per cent; Dissatisfied, 28 per cent; No Opinion, 16 per cent. When broken down, 48 per cent of Republicans who had an opinion were against the Administration's handling, but 69 per cent of Democrats were in favor.

It would seem that the Republicans should be looking for a better issue.

U.S. and UN

In the eyes of Dirksen, Scott, Keating, et al., the Cuban issue is so hot that they seem to have difficulty distinguishing between the United States, which is a sovereign country, and the United Nations, which is an association of countries just as sovereign as the United States, and for the most part with legislatures less flammable. When it was discovered that the UN Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO) contemplated spending $1,150,000 in various currencies to help solve Cuba's agricultural problems, the uproar in Congress was almost as loud as that over the firing on the shrimp boat. Few of the shouters, however, seem to have known what they were shouting about. The following few facts may have a calming effect:

1. Managing director of the UN Special Fund, which is to finance the FAO project in Cuba, is Paul G. Hoffman, a former American industrialist who has never shown any sympathy for communism.

2. Any member of the UN in good standing can apply for assistance in such a project as the one contemplated by FAO. Unhappily, Cuba is a member of the UN in good standing.

3. The Cuba project has been pending for a long time. It was originally approved in May, 1961. Contracts have been signed by FAO and Cuba and all that remains is for Mr. Hoffman to sign on behalf of the Special Fund to supply the money.

4. The UN will defray only part of the expense. The total cost will be $3,035,600. The Special Fund will contribute $1,157,600, Cuba about $1,878,000.

5. An exploratory survey is already under way. A team of five experts is in Cuba conducting the survey under UN auspices.

6. No less than 102 nations contribute to the Special Fund. The fund is financing 286 projects, 90 per cent of them in countries to which the United States is giving aid. Often member countries object to projects being carried out in countries which are special pets of the United States, such as Formosa and South Korea. The Special Fund is inured to objections.

7. Since the Cuban project is designed to train experts in animal husbandry and the like, with the purpose of getting Cuba away from a one-crop agriculture, its impact will not be felt for some ten years. By that time Castro may be gone.

8. It was agreed at the outset, by the United States and the other member nations, that political considerations were not to enter into the determination of projects.

9. It is conceivable that the presence of UN officials in Cuba might be advantageous to the United States. We wanted arms inspectors there, didn't we?

All these and other data are available to any Congressman who cares to communicate with Mr. Hoffman's office. Henceforth, it might be a good idea to get hold of some facts before sounding off.

Legion-of-Merit Dictator

Under prodding by the press (see editorial, *The Nation*, February 2, p. 82), the State Department has issued a lengthy paper on the case of Marcos Perez Jimenez, the ex-Venezuelan dictator who currently languishes in a "maximum security" cell of the Dade County (Fla.) hoosegow awaiting the outcome of an extradition proceeding. In this paper, the State Department says of Jimenez: "While President of Venezuela from 1952 to 1958, [he] headed one of the most brutally repressive and corrupt dictatorships in recent Latin American history." But can this be the same Jimenez on whom — no doubt with State Department approval — Mr. Eisenhower, as President, conferred the Legion of Merit (rank of Commander in Chief) for "exceptionally meritorious conduct in the execution of his high office"? The citation mentioned the "healthy policy in economic and financial matters" which Jimenez had initiated to facilitate foreign investment, extolled the dictator-President for contributions to "the great welfare of his country," commended him for his "indefatigable energy and firmness," praised his "constant vigilance before the problem of Communist infiltration" and lauded him for his friendship toward the United States. Does an honored friend become a ruthless dictator only when he is ousted from office? Or is it that the character of the man depends on whether a Democratic or a Republican administration is in power in Washington? If he finally stands trial in Caracas on the fifteen counts of embezzlement and fraud against him (it is charged that he made off

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with $13 million in swag), Perez Jimenez will no doubt wear his Legion of Merit when he enters the prisoner's dock.

Relief via 'Defense'

On February 26, one of Senator McClelland's subcommittees launched a probe which promises to reveal some of the anatomy of the Warfare State. On February 28, Senator Clifford Case introduced a bill calculated to produce the same effect. Mr. McClelland's investigation will deal with alleged favoritism in last fall's award of research and development contracts for the Navy-Air Force TFX fighter, for which production contracts may ultimately go as high as $6 billion. Mr. Case wants public disclosure of all communications, both written and oral, between government agencies handling space and defense contracts and persons seeking to influence the decisions of such agencies. Showing little solidarity with his fellow legislators, Mr. Case proposes to include members of Congress among the front-door and back-door influence merchants who roam the corridors of the Pentagon. The fact is that defense and politics have become twins joined to still another organism, this one providing for the relief of needy sections of the country, such as parts of Alabama, Maryland, California, Michigan, West Virginia, Pennsylvania and Rhode Island—wherever contracts are summarily canceled or not given out in the first place. Solicitude for these suffering localities extends from the ward level right up to the White House. Among the defense lobbyists are two prominent members of the Kennedy family: Ted, the Senator, and the President himself. The President is merely carrying out his political obligations. In *The Wall Street Journal* (February 27), Jerry Landauer points out that, during the 1960 campaign, Mr. Kennedy repeatedly promised to help secure defense contracts for depressed West Virginia. After Mr. Kennedy's election, Lockheed Aircraft, FMC Corporation and North American Aviation found the West Virginia climate salubrious, the workers skilled and industrious, and they set up plants there. In a two-year period, West Virginia's share of prime military contracts rose from $36 million to nearly $134 million and it is safe to assume that if Mr. Kennedy runs for the Presidency in 1964, these facts will not be forgotten.

Brother Ted's services to Massachusetts are not quite on that scale, but Mr. Landauer and others have revealed that in January the newly fledged Senator, accompanied by his senior colleague, Leverett Saltonstall, called on Defense Secretary McNamara to give expert nonpartisan counsel on the manufacture of rifles. For reasons of cost, the Army had decided to make M-14 rifles at the Cleveland plant of Thompson Ramo Woolridge, instead of at the Worcester, Massachusetts, plant of Harrington & Richardson. The visit of Messrs. Saltonstall and Kennedy was, of course, no novelty. Mr. McNamara rarely spends a day in his office without receiving such a delegation, and on bad days some of his subordinates do little else.

In the M-14 rifle case, the President himself telephoned Deputy Defense Secretary Gilpatric to ask whether something could not be done for the 3,000 Massachusetts workers whose jobs were at stake, not to speak of executives and stockholders. Had the matter been less important, the President could have telephoned Ron M. Linton, a thirty-three-year-old former campaign staffer of his who is installed at the Pentagon as Director of Economic Utilization Policy, which means that, within legal limitations, he will try to influence the military to exercise Christian charity and "sound" political judgment in the allocation of contracts. Messrs. Case and McClelland have their work cut out for them, but at least they are trying.

On Washington's Doorstep

THE WRONG EUROPE . . . . . Claude Bourdet

Paris

Suddenly, this winter, a thing called Europe happened. It emerged into the three-dimensional world of everyday politics out of the multidimensional unreal space of speech-politics and book-politics, etc. It is queer, rather a monster. Nobody knows exactly what to make of it. Some of those who "hatched" it for a long while look at it now with the proverbial dismay of the hen that hatched a duck's egg. Others who grinned for years and said, "It's just a joke," look deeply concerned. There is practically only one old rooster who crows gloriously about his (adopted) offspring—the militant head of the French state; and possibly also, though with certain hesitations, the extraordinary old turkey spreading his wings in Bonn.

Certainly the people who are most annoyed are to be found among American officialdom. One can say without exaggeration that they have forced this Europe on us Europeans. There were many reasons behind that drive. They wanted something bigger to deal with and trade with. They wanted Europe to take care of itself in the face of the Communist "menace." They wanted it to pay for its own defense. They wanted to tie the German Federal Republic to the West, making it the spearhead of the Western Alliance, killing forever any hope of a reunited, neutral Germany; neutralism was the archfiend in Washington in those times, even more so than now. American Big Business wanted a large market to invest in, with highly qualified labor getting lower wages than in the United

Claude Bourdet is editor of France-Observateur *(Paris).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

States and less well organized (or, in the case of Germany, submissive even though organized), and therefore delivering higher profits. American Catholicism supported Pope Pius', Gasperi's and Adenauer's view that a small, politically united *"Europe of the six countries"* (Germany, Italy, France, Belgium, Netherlands, Luxemburg) could be easily dominated by the efficient Catholic parties of those countries. And there were other reasons, no doubt.

Anyhow, American money for pro-Europe propaganda; American governmental and administrative pressure; constant support for that able apostle of European integration, the ex-businessman and later head of French national planning (closely linked to America all his life), Jean Monnet; immediate mobilization of all American mass-communications media every time someone important was supposed to be anti-European or not European enough: such, for many years, were the lineaments of American policy. In France, for instance, Pierre Mendès-France, portrayed to Washington as anti-European and therefore a "fellow traveler," was forced in 1954 by political blackmail and the combined action of Washington and the French ultra-Right to renounce the support of the Left, which could have saved him. He was made to accept German rearmament, the most indispensable feature of this Europe in the eyes of Washington. This destroyed his great political assets; and thus disappeared, for the time being, the only French statesman who could have stopped the Algerian civil war along liberal principles, and would have followed, in international affairs, a peace-oriented policy and one friendly, if non-submissive, to the United States. He could have given France its real role in Europe.

Thus, through constant action over some fourteen years, sometimes overt and official, sometimes devious and subterranean, the American Government and American capitalism worked to create this Europe. When I was a child, I often heard Paul Valéry, the great French poet, but also a caustic humorist, say: *"Beware of your desires . . . for they will be fulfilled."* Indeed, often nothing looks stranger than the things we have wanted so much when they have at last appeared on the scene! For it was not Jean Monnet's Europe, or the Pope's Europe, or the bankers' Europe or the CIA's Europe, or even Adenauer's Europe which has now appeared—although, of course, there are a few traits of all these Europes in the six-legged and funny-winged animal which started crawling about at the beginning of the sixties.

French colonialism (and the lack of any strong and logical American anti-colonialism) had bred, in the nursery of colonial wars, a new French chauvinism and a French Fascist army which, in turn, killed the Fourth Republic and replaced it by the Gaullist State, a cross between the French Army and French capitalism. A new figure (albeit an old one) had arisen on the European scene, a completely cynical, pragmatic and politically unscrupulous statesman, de Gaulle. For him, words, deeds, ideas, structures are only transitory elements in the course of his accession to the greatest possible power in France, in Europe and in the world; and this not out of personal conceit or vanity, but as the result of a mad dream in which he identifies himself with the myth called France.

At the outset, de Gaulle was anti-European. Although he never called Europe *"ce machin,"* that "thing," that "gadget," as he did the United Nations, his pronouncements on the subject before he took power in 1958 were not far from conveying that feeling. Most Gaullist deputies in 1953-56 were anti-European and fought the battle against European integration side by side with the Communists and with Socialists and liberals like myself. Even after de Gaulle had taken power in 1958, his right-hand man, Michel Debré, was considered anti-European and a memorandum was issued in political circles under Debré's auspices, signed by his close friend de la Malène, deploring the limitations on French sovereignty and French interests imposed by the Rome Treaty creating the Common Market and demanding revisions tantamount to blowing the whole thing to bits.

But de Gaulle, as I have said, is a pragmatist. There could be no question of blowing up the Rome Treaty with the Algerian War going on, while he needed American tolerance for the great feats of the French Army in Algeria and German support for vacillating French finances. He looked at the European egg and probably told himself, *"After all, why not hatch it into something nice?"*—the "nice," of course, implying de Gaulle's grandeur, etc. There is a story among French foreign-affairs officials that, during de Gaulle's first visit to Washington, some Frenchman asked him whether he was going to be received with due deference. He answered: *"They have to give due deference to the future President of the United States of Europe."*

The conditions for making this Europe his oyster (at least as far as appearances go) were relatively simple. First, he must make up with Adenauer, endorse most of *der Alter's* claims, appear as a better ally of the Bonn government than even the U.S.A. The *quid pro quo*, of course, was that he, not Adenauer, should speak *as Number One in the concert of nations.* This was easy enough. Germany was not and is not *salonfähig* (respectable enough to be admitted in the drawing room), as the Germans say. A divided country, still in a theoretical state of war with half the world, not a member of the United Nations, could hardly refuse to have the French President act as its spokesman. Moreover, Adenauer knew that, in the long run, this French priority would disappear. Germany has more people, produces twice as much steel and more than twice as much energy. A German statesman knows that these things count more than diplo-

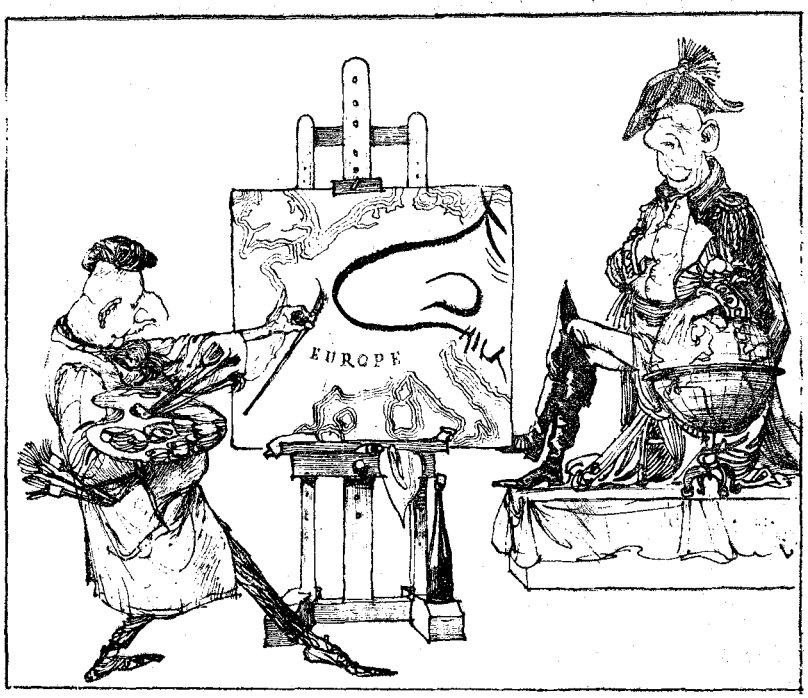
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

matic antics. As for de Gaulle, why should he care? Economics are not his job; he leaves it to his menials. And when the Franco-German balance changes, the chances are he will be in another world, if any.

A second requisite for de Gaulle was to *prevent complete European integration.* De Gaulle, with his grasp on France, can negotiate with the heads of European states and —provided he keeps his pledges to Adenauer's Germany—he can put Europe in his pocket. But with an elected European Parliament—or worse, with an elected European Presidency—everything might change. He might not come out on top. Therefore, he imposed on the other five Common Market countries his conception of the *"Europe des Patries"*—the nations' Europe, a political pact between the heads of states strengthened by the ever-closer ties of the national bureaucracies and European cartels.

And there was yet another condition: *keep Britain out,* as well as the lesser British-influenced nations such as the Scandinavians (the provocative offer to Denmark, made only to irk the English, should delude no one). The reasons are quite evident. Britain is more powerful than France, even if its economics are presently rusty: more people, more steel, more energy. Its international prestige is at least as good and it is quite respectable. It can speak with an even louder voice than France in the concert of nations. Once Britain was in, clearly de Gaulle would be at best only on a parity with it, more probably in a secondary position, and the value of all his bilateral arrangements with Germany would disappear or be greatly reduced.

That is the great, and in my opinion the only, reason for de Gaulle's constant sabotage of British attempts to enter the market. The argument that the interests of French agriculture are at stake is mere pretense. Not only did Dr. Mansholt, the German chairman of the special committee on agriculture, flatly deny in Brussels the French delegates' assertions that there could be no agreement between the British agricultural position and the agreed policy of the Six. "On the contrary," he said, "we are so near, it is a question of days drafting an agreement." But it is well known in Paris that when certain French delegates came and told de Gaulle that the British had made large concessions and an agreement could easily be signed, the General growled: *"But I do not want an agreement!"*



The New Europe

It has also been said in France and elsewhere that the entry of Britain, with its close links to America (especially since the last Polaris agreement), would make this larger Europe *"subservient to America."* I will delve a little later into the matter of Gaullist "neutralism." But it is important to stress two points. First, as Jean Jacques Servan-Schreiber wrote in the Paris liberal weekly *"l'Express,"* Western Germany is *at least* as dependent on America as Britain, if not more so. Second, Britain's dependence had existed from the outset of the Common Market negotiations, but had never previously been mentioned by de Gaulle as an obstacle to entry. At the time of the Skybolt affair, anti-American resentment in Britain was so high that a little friendliness on de Gaulle's part would have gone a long way towards making Britain more "pro-European" and less "pro-American," if that was the aim. On the contrary, it was de Gaulle's high-handed attitude toward Britain, rather than the Bahamas agreement, which forced Britain back into the American line. Third, as the West German Defense Minister, Von Hassel, is reported to have said, the introduction of Britain and Scandinavia into the Common Market would produce a Europe *"dominated by Socialists and Neutralists."* This is why, according to Dr. Von Hassel, the British should be permitted to come in, but without the Scandinavians. Without being as optimistic (or pessimistic, depending on how one feels) about Britain's and Scandinavia's entries, it is clear that this larger Europe would be a little more of a link between East and West, and a little less in the hands of monopolistic capitalism than the present contraption.

So what are de Gaulle's real aims? As I said, I think they are to keep Europe for himself as long as he is there. But some Frenchmen, and apparently quite a number of other Westerners, especially Americans, have been inclined to believe that, in his quaint way, de Gaulle is actually leading Europe into the path of "neutralism." And the accusation has been so widely flung at him by Fascists and right-wingers in France and by American reactionaries that part of the French Left, and apparently a number of American liberals, appear to have been taken in by what seems to me the most tremendous hoax in the General's hoax-full history.

It is quite clear that the General wants independence from America —and this desire has earned him the sympathy of some victims of American imperialism in many countries, and of some anti-im-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

perialists inside the United States. The Russians themselves seem to have enjoyed the situation for a long time, leaning back in their chairs and chuckling at these long-expected *"contradictions inside capitalism."* Thus everybody seems to have missed the point, i.e., what really mattered was *where these antagonisms were leading us to.* I pointed out to some Russians this summer in Moscow that there has already been one nice, big contradiction inside capitalism—and that Soviet Russia nearly died of it. It was called Nazism and Fascism.

Indeed, it would be absurd to compare Hitlero-Fascism and Gaullism, both because the General is not bloodthirsty and because capitalism has reached a stage where it no longer needs the police state (good public relations and a small yearly increase in labor's "slice" out of the quickly expanding "cake" of national wealth can do the job). And yet there is an analogous element. The Fascist states were independent of Anglo-Saxon capitalism —but they were not peace-minded. De Gaulle, too, wants to be independent—but for the sake of power and glory, not for the sake of peace.

Hitler oscillated with mad irresponsibility from a rabid anti-Soviet policy to the German-Russian pact, then to war against Russia. De Gaulle has also swung from crude anti-Sovietism to a flirtation with Khrushchev to the sabotaging of all peace attempts—in Berlin and on the atomic issue. He will change again, probably often. It's the same outline—only, happily, with less extreme peaks and valleys. However, in the long run, such power-thirsty irresponsibility can bring havoc. Neutralism, nonalignment —whatever you call it—is essentially a policy for establishing peace. In de Gaulle's eyes, as in Clausewitz's, peace and war are just different ways of policy-making. *"Il y aura toujours des guerres,"* was his shoulder-shrugging answer some years ago to a plea made by some workers for peace.

And it is not only because of de Gaulle's cynicism that this Europe of his cannot be a factor for peace. It is because, as I have tried to show, the nucleus of the whole machinery is the Franco-German alliance, the reciprocal support of de Gaulle and a group of German statesmen. The first development was the establishment of new ties between the militarists in both countries—the French generals and colonels to whom de Gaulle offered this *quid pro quo* for the loss of their gory Algerian playground, and the German General Staff delivered straight out of Hitler's OKW. But this was only a beginning.

A conference of Italian diplomats in Rome held after de Gaulle's trip to Germany came to the conclusion that what was being planned was an overall Franco-German military policy *including atomic weapons.* Many liberals in Germany believe that the "French" bomb is already Franco-German; as for the "French" missiles, this is a near certainty. Now, of course, one could say that armaments by themselves do not exclude a peace policy. But this new Franco-German militarism is linked, one must not forget, to a West Germany politically dominated by deep-seated grudges against the Communist powers.

As Rudolf Augstein, the editor of the liberal Hamburg *Spiegel,* wrote last year, "The German statesmen took up the rollback policy just when and where Washington gave it up." These statesmen are politically committed to ignoring the existence of the Eastern German Republic, to demanding—at least in theory—the return of the Eastern territories taken by Russia, Poland and Czechoslovakia, and they have established in West Germany a McCarthyism more subtle and fearful than anything the late Senator from Wisconsin ever dreamed of. Peace with Russia would mean political death for them and even for most of the Social Democrats, who have all but submitted to Adenauer's foreign policy. And as the years go by, as the national weight of West Germany in this Franco-German partnership increases, there is a very grave danger that "small Europe" —quite big enough to start a world war—will become a political coalition of military bureaucracies and technocracies committed to the support of West Germany's Eastern claims, and to a policy of "brinkmanship" even John Foster Dulles would have rejected as foolhardy.

The Russian leaders, apparently, now understand this. Their tolerance for capitalist contradictions has been replaced by direct hostility —especially after the liberation by de Gaulle of the two top men of Hitler's Gestapo in France, the multi-murderers Oberg and Knochen; the signature of the Franco-German treaty, and the refusal to broadcast as "too anti-German" the Khrushchev interview the French TV had asked him for on the anniversary of Stalingrad.

The Belgians, Dutch and Italians also seem to have got the wind up. To escape Franco-German domination, they are doing everything they can to bring the British and Scandinavians into the Common Market —for precisely the reasons de Gaulle doesn't want them in.

The curious thing is the attitude of the Germans. Adenauer and the "pure Adenauerists," of course, still support de Gaulle, for reasons I hope I have made clear. Former Defense Minister Strauss also supports him. But Economics Minister Erhard, the glorified father of the German "economic miracle," who will probably be Adenauer's successor, as well as a large segment of Germany's industry and finance, are more interested in British and "British-influenced" markets than in the military-political dreams of the two old men. And the United States Government continues to exert the utmost pressure for Britain's entry. American reasons are probably mixed: the United States wants a wider market for American investment; it wants, at the same time, to stifle British "peace initiatives"; and it wants, with British help, to lay the fearful ghost of Gaullist "neutralism." But finally, also, Washington realizes, at last, that its monster-child, little Europe, can jeopardize all hopes of an East-West settlement.

It is impossible to say, at the present time, whether Gaullist obstinacy is going to win. It is quite possible, with Macmillan's loss of prestige and the growing election chances of the Labour Party, that the British will turn away from the Common Market. This is what de Gaulle is hoping for. If this happens, the menace of a belligerent, if independent, small Europe, around a military Bonn-Paris axis, will become clearer with every year and month. We may then suddenly realize that the two big threats in the world are Peking and Paris-Bonn, and no longer Washington and Moscow.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the other hand, the combined efforts of Kennedy, Macmillan, Erhard, Spaak, Fanfani, et al., may force the obdurate but pragmatic French General to submit to facts, as he has often already done. This will be better, but rather a *lesser evil* than really "good." Because this larger Europe will inevitably bear the marks of its birth with the help of American and German surgery. One way or the other, the Germans win; they will be the real arbiters. They have never, in the course of history, let such service go unpaid; already, to stop the "independent" Franco-German nuclear striking force, Kennedy has advanced the idea of the "multilateral" force in which the Germans would have a role to play. In a world where the menace of irresponsible nuclear action increases with the atomization of responsibility, this is certainly a greater danger than an American nuclear "monopoly."

So what? Well—and here I'm at loggerheads with my British Socialist friends—I think there's *one larger* and one *lesser evil,* and I think all liberals and Socialists should try and work for the entry of Britain, Norway and Denmark and later—after the Rome Treaty has been revised—Sweden, Switzerland, Austria—and perhaps Yugoslavia. My British Labour friends say this means killing the hopes of any Socialist program, and of any British peace policy. One could answer with the British economist, Thomas Balogh, who opposes British entry but is voluble on British responsibilities: If Britain, and especially the British Labour Party, had participated in the European construction instead of sitting back and laughing at the unlikeliness of anything called Europe, we wouldn't be face to face with the Gaullo-German monster. Britain's lack of understanding and initiative has been, all through these fourteen years, as great as Russia's over this issue, and is quite as responsible as the clumsy pressures of the United States Government.

Counting past mistakes serves nobody. Actually, what the British Socialists really mean is that a unified North-West, Anglo-Scandinavian Europe, with Socialists in charge and many allies in the world (Yugoslavia, the "neutralist" Commonwealth, etc.), could create a progressive, if not Socialist "camp," and counter the dangers to peace created by the Paris-Bonn axis. I doubt this, personally. Too much influence by the United States and the white Commonwealth, too little austerity and too little socialism, a fear to create "problems" within the Western world, will not, I fear, let this "third camp"—if it can stand on its economic legs—do more than pursue the usual Labour-Welfare-state policy and a foreign policy based on "moderate" pro-Americanism. But what is needed to face the Bonn-Paris axis and its inevitable influence on the Pentagon would be a *hard Socialist regime* in Britain and a *hard neutralist policy*—both quite unlikely, I must say.

Why do I want Britain and Scandinavia in the Common Market, then? I count on their *bulk,* not on their strategy. I think even British empiricism and "muddling along" would be enough to disrupt the Paris-Bonn axis. I think, however soft and "bourgeois" those countries are, they are democratic, and this will save Europe from the domination of Franco-German generals and technocrats. It's only a *negative* hope, of course. But the *positive* dangers are too great not to cling to it.

Your Right to a Car Bargain . . . . . Wesley Marx

Los Angeles

On Nov. 30, 1960, a perturbed Kenneth Staley, general sales manager of Chevrolet, alerted his General Motors superiors by memo that "Moral suasion can only go so far. We need strong and immediate backing." Staley's low opinion of moral suasion was occasioned by an ominous threat to GM's treasured army of franchised car dealers by the discount house, already the tormentor of such contemporary giants as General Electric and Westinghouse. GM's attempt to supply the "backing" suggested by Mr. Staley has put the corporation on trial for criminal conspiracy to violate the antitrust laws.

Site of the conflict happens to be the Promised Land of the auto industry, Los Angeles, the first city on wheels, where one-third of the downtown area is dedicated to parking lots. Traditionally, to get his car, the Los Angeles resident goes to an "auto row," where dealers encamp underneath a rainbow sky of pennants bearing such slogans as "SAVE $$$" or "OVERSTOCKED—Must Sacrifice." As elsewhere, the manufacturer's list price means little in Los Angeles; the dealer can sell $200 to $300 below list and still make a profit. Indeed, a salesman who can close a deal at list price is rewarded with a bonus ("spiff"); it's an incentive which often endows auto row with the "morality of an Oriental Bazaar," as Senator Mike Monroney once observed. Such an atmosphere, in turn, drives auto row into a compulsive urge to display its honesty in large letters: Golden Rule Auto Sales, House of Fair Play, House of Courtesy Chevrolet, Ed Fair Sales.

In 1958, the rapidly expanding discount houses began applying their successful methods to the Los Angeles auto market—selling at bargain prices and making their profit on volume. Auto dealers, seeking an additional profit outlet, met the discounter's terms and set a bargain price (usually around $250 above the car's cost to the dealer). The discounters took a $50 commission on each sale. After all, they did no more than to transfer a little business over a small counter; the car was actually delivered to the customer by a regular dealer.

One day Sam Zackheim, a high school principal, shopped various auto rows for a Corvair. The prices quoted him varied by no more than $5. He then went to a discount house—specifically, to a wooden counter in the shop labeled "New Cars." Zackheim said he was interested in a Corvair. The salesman immediately quoted a price $250 below the prices Zackheim had been given on the auto rows,

Wesley Marx is a California reporter.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and referred him to Warren Biggs Chevrolet. Zackheim closed the deal then and there. "I don't like to go into a haggle," Zackheim told the jury hearing the current conspiracy case. "They [the discounters] gave me a written quotation and this is what I went by." Victor Garety, a lawyer who said he had saved $150 through a discount counter, seconded Zackheim's testimony. "I have confidence that I am getting the best price possible under the circumstances. It is a simple way of doing it and it is sort of a painless way of doing it."

The painless way started catching on with the public. Discount outlets in Los Angeles sold 2,000 Chevrolets alone, worth $5 million retail, in 1960. Car dealers competed with one another to become "discount-house bell-cows." To retain its bell, Bruder Chevrolet cut its bargain price by $70.

But while the public was becoming increasingly fond of the painless way, auto dealers out in the discount cold were waving frantically at Detroit. "We cannot even meet the price and 4½ per cent financing guaranteed by these discount houses," wailed one Chevy dealer after four salesmen had quit on him. "Help us eliminate this cancer," pleaded Bob Erskine of the House of Fair Play.

Memos started darting from office to office in Detroit. "It would appear that one of the real hazards of condoning this type of operation," observed Chevrolet executive Sidney Gilliatt, "is that discount prices are freely quoted to a large portion of the public." He had a disturbing afterthought: "There is very little legally that Chevrolet or the corporation can do relative to referral agreements." But other executives were more worried about the dangerous enlightenment of the public than the question of legality. The "strong and immediate backing" called for by Staley began materializing towards the close of 1960—a record year for the discount car outlets. Discount-house "bell-cows," about nine in number, were called to the Chevrolet Los Angeles headquarters on Wilshire Boulevard for a chat with Roy Cash, the Pacific Coast regional manager for Chevrolet. Robert O'Conner, the Southern California zone manager, got in touch with the other eighty-odd Los Angeles Chevrolet dealers to discuss the discount-house threat. "Bell-cows" such as Warren Biggs Chevrolet agreed to stop ringing if all other dealers did so, too. But soon some dealers were complaining that some of their brothers were not keeping to the agreement.

Early in 1961, Russell De Orto of the Efficiency Research Bureau was hired at $1,000 a month by the three Greater Los Angeles Chevrolet dealer associations to locate the violators. The Efficiency Research Bureau is very efficient at recording sales conversations with microphones hidden in tie clips, rings and boutonnieres. Each dealer association chipped in $5,000 for a $15,000 fund with which De Orto could tape the evidence needed.

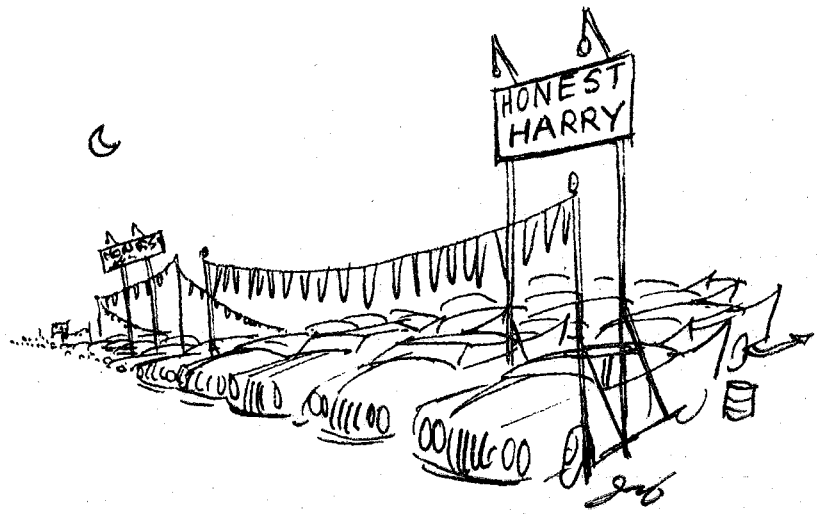
On March 25, 1961, the owner of Citizens Chevrolet was summoned to the office at Wilshire Boulevard to hear a recorded purchase of a Chevrolet through a discount outlet. The owner then decided to write a check for the repurchase of the car, which he had sold at a good profit. Three days later, the salesman who had handled the transaction was fired, although that same month Staley had personally commended him as the outstanding fleet salesman on the Pacific Coast. Eight more dealers attended recording sessions at Wilshire Boulevard and left checks. Early in the spring, the recording sessions were silenced abruptly; a Los Angeles grand jury had indicted General Motors and the three dealer associations for criminal conspiracy to boycott the discount houses.

In a trial that started last November and is still going on, a jury of nine women and three men are hearing the antitrust action in the court of Judge Thurmond Clarke. (Judge Clarke overruled a racial covenant invoked to evict Ethel Waters from her Los Angeles home in 1945, when such covenants were held in high esteem.)

In the courtroom, GM has become quite different from the omnipotent being that its dealers encountered at the recording sessions. Homer Mitchell, the lawyer defending the corporation, says that GM is the one being picked upon. "They [the antitrust division] have a fixation back there in Washington and it's an occupational disease that rubs off on all of them. . . . They would like to get the antitrust laws in such a shape that it is illegal to run through a stop sign." Mitchell insists that any alleged conspiracy must be judged by the reasonableness of the restraint. "When somebody says 'put your umbrella up, Homer!,' it doesn't become a conspiracy with my friends when I shove my umbrella and keep from getting drenched."

The franchise system was getting drenched, Mitchell was saying, and GM simply put up its umbrella. Such backing of the franchise system is good not only for GM, but for the country. Mitchell says that GM recognizes that its responsibility to a customer doesn't end with the sale of a car, and the franchise dealer stands ready to honor warranties and provide repair service.

GM's responsible attitude towards a sale is indeed commendable, but it is questionable whether a franchise system insulated from competition is the price to be exacted. General Electric and Westinghouse sell to both discounters and franchised dealers and manage to live with their corporate conscience.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where there is a need there is a service, and refrigerators and television sets are still being repaired. Mitchell's concern for the future health and well-being of the Chevrolet ("over 2,000 moving parts") sometimes seems to imply that it is built for repairing instead of driving. Moreover, he conveniently ignores the fact that discount houses worked in cooperation with dealers; cars sold through discount outlets came with the usual warranty. Zackheim had four free adjustments made on his Corvair under his warranty.

Mitchell's concern becomes more understandable when the franchise system is viewed through GM's eyes rather than the public's.

Through the renewable franchise contract, GM holds its dealers as virtual chattels. "They are our father, Chevrolet," says respectful dealer Martin Pollard. On the witness stand, Pollard recalled that "father" had ordered a Pollard dealership closed because it conflicted with another dealership. "It cost me several thousand dollars," said Pollard.

GM's power is diversified. Dealers must pay for car stocks before they are sold. The General Motors Acceptance Corporation just happens to stand ready to finance dealer purchases, with interest. (The dealer tries, but doesn't always succeed, in passing on such paternalistic attentions to the car buyer.) Bruder Chevrolet sold 1,362 cars in 1960 and made exactly $163.94 in income after taxes—less than .1

per cent return on his investment.

Such power keeps the dealers a lean and hungry bunch and leads to the "morality of the Oriental Bazaar" that Senator Monroney noted. It was the hungry dealers who cooperated with the discounters. Bruder Chevrolet depended upon discount outlets for 18 per cent of its new car sales in 1960. And because the dealers couldn't trust each other's word, GM was caught lifting too big an umbrella. In truth, GM is a victim of its own constricting franchise system.

It is this type of chattel franchise that the discount house effectively undermines. The discount house has a contract with only one party—the public; it lists its own prices, not the suggested list prices of manufacturers; it sells all makes and models and is therefore not dependent on the pleasure of one supply source. The discount house depends on volume, not "spiff."

The discount houses have already made deep inroads into the franchise systems of General Electric and Westinghouse. In the last five years, 5,000 of the 35,000 major-appliance retailers have dropped by the wayside. To offset further discount inroads, General Electric and Westinghouse have modified their franchise terms so that dealers can spend more time satisfying the public instead of the manufacturer. The dealer no longer has to purchase his stocks: he merely sends a sales order to a central corporation warehouse and is thus relieved of financing ("flooring"), insuring and storing an inventory.

This change of corporate heart comes out of realism, not charity. But GM sought to crush, rather than meet, the challenge of a rapidly growing merchandising system so popular with the public. That is why it is in court today. Perhaps now one of America's most vociferous exponents of free enterprise will be made to understand the decision in *Jewel Tea v. Local 24*, which sustained an antitrust action involving a labor union:

> *Whether one system of marketing or another offers the greatest good and better prices in any given community is to be determined by the public. The laws of free enterprise may not be thwarted by a combination to prevent commercial development.*

The Motel Comes to Town . . . . . Eugene Raskin

Unless the World Series or the American Legion are in town, a room can be had in any big-city hotel almost any time, but if you want to stay at one of the new midtown motels, you had better have a reservation well in advance. The urban motel is today the hottest item in the rooms-and-ice-cubes trade, and the smart money is behind it. And in addition to being the latest phenomenon on the financial scene, it represents a significant change in American living patterns and a possible new threat to efforts to save our cities from squalor and blight.

Motels, a genuine new building type, first came into being in connection with highways and the automotive life. For motorists seeking a night's lodging during a trip, they were just the thing. You could swing off the highway right to your cabin door and pop into bed. In the morning you could be off again just by stepping out of your door and back into your car. It was that simple; and it was cheap.

In the 40s and 50s, Americans were taking to the road in ever-increasing numbers—for business, for pleasure, or out of plain restlessness. Motels became good investments, and many a small couple put their savings and labor into one. Yet no matter how many were built, there was still a shortage of "Vacancy" signs after 5 P.M.

It didn't last. Eventually the forces of competition came into play. The newest motels put in radio, then TV. Coffee shops be-

Eugene Raskin, architect, writer and critic, has taught at the Columbia University School of Architecture. He is the author of Architecturally Speaking *and of many magazine articles.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

came a must as did telephones, of course, and presently swimming pools. Naturally, operators had to raise prices, but motorists had more money and were willing to spend it on extra amenities. More than a few of them were out for a good time, with or without their wives, and any special luxury was welcome. Gradually the early motels, which offered only cabins, began to sink into dingy disrepair, while those near enough to towns melted into whatever slum was spreading their way. A motel that did well was one that was no longer a mere convenience of the highway, but an attraction on its own.

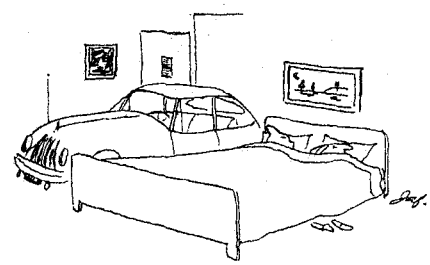
On the edge of San Diego is a section (called Motel Circle, I think) where some ten or twelve huge motels are gathered to provide a sort of permanent spree. They have room service, bars, night clubs, restaurants, swimming pools and "name" entertainment. A fresh bucket of ice cubes arrives, unrequested, at your room as soon as you check in, and if you do not slide a bottle out of your bag you feel somehow as though you had committed a social gaffe. One of the motels has a glass pane between the bar and the lower part of the swimming pool; every hour the drinkers are treated to an underwater ballet performed by some of the most rinsed girls in the world. Motel Circle does a roaring business, very little of which has anything to do with highways or motor travel. Most customers are not en route anywhere but to and from the motels.

San Diego is hardly unique in this respect. It is a situation duplicated in many places. North Miami Beach, for instance, outdoes San Diego, if anything, and Las Vegas is not far behind. At this stage of motel development, the outskirts of some of our cities begin to look like one continuous motel.

The next step was to invade the cities themselves, and that is where we stand now. Every city in America of any size has one or more motels—usually called motor lodges or motor inns, since the word motel is felt somehow to lack gentility. But whatever they are called, they are prospering mightily.

The reasons are several. First of all, the urban motel is new—not in the sense of novelty, but in the actual physical fact of having just been built and opened for business. This country has a passion for newness, a passion a trifle hard to understand by those old enough to harbor a bit of nostalgia for the paneled lobby of the old Waldorf-Astoria. The fact is that to the majority of Americans now living, even the new Waldorf, which opened its doors in 1931, is becoming distinctly old-fashioned. And indeed, except for resorts and a Hilton or the like here and there, almost no new hotels have been built in the last thirty years. People have begun to identify the *word* hotel with "old" and, contrarily, the word motel with "new." (By "old" they do not mean old in the sense of antique, which would mean valuable, but "old" in the sense of worn, shabby, not up-to-date; in short, practically un-American.)

A friend who travels a great deal (Lou Gottlieb of the Limeliters)



puts it this way: "In a well-kept hotel, you can look in the corners and find them clean; in a motel you don't bother to look—the thing hasn't been up long enough to collect any dirt." In a society given to buying new articles, rather than maintaining old ones, this kind of thinking carries a lot of weight. The mystique of newness, I think, is nowhere better expressed than in the brochure of the Howard Johnson Motor Lodge in New York. "A bath as modern as tomorrow," it says, by which they perhaps mean that tomorrow is when it will be ready for use, if the plumbers get through. Or will tomorrow's water be somehow hotter? Or more cleansing?

Secondly, of course, the motel is cheaper, though hardly what one would call cheap except on an expense account. The best double room at the Sheraton Motor Inn in New York City runs $21 per day, while at the Americana (one of the few new hotels mentioned above) it goes for $38. The only difference in accommodations I could notice in a cursory examination was that the hotel room had an extra phone in the bath. (The phone was as modern as yesterday.) Also, while parking at the motel is free, in accordance with tradition, the hotel garage charges some $3.50 a day in addition to the room rent, bringing the total of room-plus-car to $41.50, or just about double the price at the motel. Even to a free-spender, this is noticeable.

Of course, compared to the old highway motel, the number of employees in the motor lodge to be tipped is incredible. As you drive in, a garage attendant vanishes with your car, but not before a bell boy with a rolling rack has unloaded your baggage (with which *he* vanishes) while you are steered to the registration desk, where the clerk checks your reservation. Meanwhile, doormen and maids flutter about like butterflies at mating time. If all you wanted was a night's sleep, you would have done better to pitch a tent in the park.

But no matter, it is brisk and gay. And here, I think, lies the decisive clue to the success of the urban motel, as well as the core of its psychological significance. Whether because of the shadow of the bomb or the euphoria of affluence—or perhaps a combination of the two—if there is one thing America of the 1960s cannot resist, it is *fun*, and motels are definitely *fun*, though not always the kind you can report home. The pattern is fairly general: a turning away from things lasting and serious in favor of the more frivolous and transitory. Our brightly colored automobiles get to the wreckers faster than ever, while our radios sing *Just One of Those Things* instead of *Always*. As necessary to the national economy as it is expressive of the emotional attitudes of the day is the dictum of that pickle-barrel sage, Harry Golden, *Enjoy, Enjoy*. In a motel, you enjoy. (In this connection, it may be noted that for the newest New York hotel, the Americana, the top Miami Beach "fun" architect, Morris Lapidus, was impressed into service; the resulting design has more than a little resort character, giving rise to such witticisms as "It's a beautiful hotel, but isn't it a little far from the beach?" Incidentally, the owners, Loew's Hotels, Inc., have also put up a new motel, only two blocks away, in what must be a prime example of investment hedging.)

To sum up briefly at this point,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the urban motel is a popular and financial success for two main reasons: (1) it is *new, new, new,* and (2) it is *fun, fun, fun.* The fact that it is cheaper than the best hotel accommodation is a help, but not, to my mind, an important one in the large picture. After all, if economy is what one is seeking, one needn't go to the *best* of anything.

In these two elements, newness and fun, lie the serious hazards to urban development. Newness and fun quickly fade into shabbiness and gloom as something newer (hence more fun) comes along. What we have already seen happen to the older "highway" motels will inevitably, in an enjoy-and-replace society, happen to their urban successors. It is a situation which one may describe as instant slum. Whereas the familiar slum develops slowly, with a gradual deterioration of building and neighborhood, the urban motel will take a severe drop in status the moment its newness is lost. Its service and maintenance will suffer sharply. A radical change will simultaneously occur in the type of guests it will attract. In New York City, for instance, the motels in the Times Square area—which is where most of them are—will quickly join the hundreds of run-down small hotels and rooming houses in which unemployed actors, dishwashers and apprentice pimps lead their grimy existences.

At a time when the well-known evils of blight, congestion and under-diversification are beginning to be dealt with by city planners, it becomes necessary to be equally alert to the new dangers which emerge from day-to-day changes in urban patterns. Among these the urban motel ranks high; we must not allow their bright façades to blur our vision of what makes them tick—and, more important, what happens when they stop ticking.

It would be going much too far, in a democratic society, to propose that urban motels be declared illegal. The rights of investors on the one hand and of the public on the other to engage in harmful pursuits are still at least as sacred as the right to smoke, drink or hate one's fellow man. Nevertheless some limits on potential damage may be set.

Perhaps the most practical first step would seem to be to establish zoning regulations that would (1) keep motels out of areas where their hazard is greatest (as in sections already too dense) and (2) keep motels from being too close to one another, so that their ability to pull down a whole neighborhood when they start to slide is diminished. No more than one motel to four blocks, for example, would constitute a fair safeguard.

The main thing is to be aware that any new phenomenon in a changing society, whether it is urban motels, insecticides or wonder drugs, must be examined skeptically for its dangers as well as welcomed for its beauties, however doubtful the latter, in the case of the motel, may be.

Jesse Unruh

'BIG DADDY' OF CALIFORNIA . . . . . Ed Cray

Los Angeles

The inscription scrawled across the bottom of the picture reads, "To Jesse Unruh, with deep appreciation and warmest regards, John F. Kennedy." It is just one of many hints that the hulking Speaker of the California State Assembly is the Kennedy man in California—and could turn out to be the key Kennedy man in the nation when the 1964 Presidential campaign rolls around.

For, in all probability, the 1964 Presidential battle will center here, in the biggest state in the union. This will certainly be true if Rockefeller turns out to be the GOP nominee, in which case the Democrats will need California's huge electoral vote to compensate for the possible loss of New York. The loss of both states, coupled with unfavorable Democratic prospects presented in heavily populated Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan (all three acquired Republican governors last year) could mean Kennedy's defeat.

So it could easily be that as California goes in 1964, Kennedy will go; and it is the ambition of Unruh, youthful (he's only forty), personally charming and intelligent, to see that as *he* goes, California will go. As a result of this driving ambition, Unruh has earned both the nickname "Big Daddy" and the undying enmity of California's celebrated volunteer political movement.

Unruh's Roman-candle political career could only have happened in the fireworks factory of California politics, where skyrockets and meteoric rises are commonplace. Discharged from the Navy at the end of World War II, he enrolled at the University of Southern California, soon became a prime mover in the campus veterans' organization, Trovets, and flirted with the political Left. His greatest success was to force the administration of the Methodist-founded school to remove the usual question about religion from the university's admission application. He gathered around him a group of friends, many of whom have since climbed in political status with him — and largely because of him. In 1948, he split off from the "extreme" Left when, as he puts it, he objected to the Communist-run campaign of the Independent Progressive Party and Henry Wallace. Unruh preferred to stay within the Democratic Party —his boyhood in Texas taught him that politics meant "Democrat." Moreover, he was busy running for state office, entering the Democratic primary. Poorly financed, he lost to a man generally considered to be more conservative.

In 1949, he was one of the founding members of the Democratic Guild, a local political club in southwest Los Angeles. Active in Helen Gahagan Douglas' campaign

Ed Cray, West Coast journalist, has contributed to national publications, chiefly on matters relating to the California political scene.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the Senate, he was rewarded with a patronage appointment in the 1950 census count. (He suspects that he was far down on the list, but was the only candidate the Census Bureau would accept.) His stint as director of the census in southwest Los Angeles taught the journalism graduate the sociological minutiae which make for winning political campaigns.

Elected to the Los Angeles Democratic County Committee in 1950, Unruh was one of a group of reformers who attempted to breathe life into that stagnant body and to do battle as a "good government" group against "bossism." The reformers included a number of men who have since become opponents of Unruh, including Lt. Gov. Glenn Anderson, former State Senator Richard Richards and former chairman of the Los Angeles County Committee, Don Rose.

Part of the reform was to include the organization of volunteer clubs whose pre-primary endorsements could bring some order to the chaos of the cross-filed primary, which permitted a candidate, without party label, to enter both party primaries. (The Republican Assembly had been doing this since 1935.) In 1948, there were approximately twenty-five clubs in Los Angeles County; four years later, there were a hundred clubs, but the vast volunteer enthusiasm ignited by Adlai Stevenson's campaign in 1952 had yet to be effectively organized.

Eisenhower took California in spite of volunteer enthusiasm and Unruh was beaten in his attempt to unseat a veteran Assemblyman who had the backing of Los Angeles' conservative labor unions. Two years later, Unruh had digested an important political lesson: volunteer efforts without labor's backing and, even worse, without money, weren't enough. With a war chest of $2,800 and the party label attached to his name due to a change in the state law, Unruh ran again. His opponent, who had beaten him two years before, chose to switch his registration from Democrat to Republican and then lost the labor support he had earlier enjoyed. Heavy contributions from lobbyists were not enough to beat Unruh's volunteers who, by then, had become an effective Assembly District organization.

Jess Unruh went off to Sacramento in 1954 as a member of a liberal caucus within the Democratic minority in the State Assembly. Artie Samish, long the dominant force in state politics, had been convicted of income-tax evasion and sent off to a federal prison, leaving behind a power vacuum. Goodwin Knight was Governor now, replacing Warren who had moved up to the Supreme Court.

"Big Daddy"

Unruh joined with Tom Rees, today State Senator from Los Angeles County (one-thirtieth of the population of the United States), William Munnell and two others to fight in vain against the tidelands oil "giveaway," the uniform sales tax and a bill exempting oil companies from state antitrust laws. Unruh's own bills, such as one to create a prototype Consumer Council, never came out of committee.

But the Republican flood was ebbing. In 1952, Democrats held only fifty of 162 partisan offices, despite a 4-3 edge in registration; they held seventy-four at the time Unruh was re-elected to the Assembly in 1956.

This resurgence—or more accurately, birth—of the Democratic Party in California was the result of a number of factors. While cross-filing was still in effect, party labels were now added after the names, thus permitting traditional party loyalties to offset the built-in advantages of the incumbent. Of equal importance, the volunteer political movement had crystallized into the California Democratic Council. The CDC in 1957 had more than 500 clubs affiliated and a membership of 40,000. Though feuding among themselves constantly on policy positions (a matter which was to grow more divisive as time passed) and largely untested in the political arena, the CDC represented the largest single body of dedicated campaign workers the country has ever seen. Unruh was then, and—to a degree which CDC leaders refuse to acknowledge—is still a CDC supporter. His own election was directly attributable to a Democratic Club and to volunteer activity. (In 1962, when he ran for re-election, the ant-labor of the campaign was handled by unpaid, middle-aged and elderly women from the district.)

The 1957 legislature was leaderless. The affable Goodie Knight's program was designed to alienate no one, since his political strength lay in the middle-of-the-road posture which Warren had studiously maintained and passed on. The lobbyists were still seeking a replacement for Samish, fighting among themselves for the first time in their unrecorded history.

Bill Munnell, today a Superior Court judge in Los Angeles, was elected minority leader, and two more members, Gordon Winton and Robert Crown, had joined the liberal caucus, which took over the balance of power in the legislature. Munnell's leadership came by virtue of his seniority and the chairmanship of the Finance and Taxation Committee; Unruh's came by virtue of his membership on that committee and his friendship with the chairman. The lobbyists sought out Unruh as a man close to the minority leader and one who might ease their bills through. In return, they offered campaign contributions. Unruh, however, had little need of a lavish war chest; he was in a safe Democratic district. But he knew of deserving Democrats who did need funds and he was glad to steer lobbyists accordingly. He handled no money himself, acting only as an adviser. (Unruh has never had direct personal control over campaign contributions or party funds. The CDC has sought in vain for proof of charges of "corrupt machine politics" which

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they would like to lay at Unruh's doorstep.)

Politically astute, a parliamentarian with a growing reputation as the fastest gavel in the West, a man to whom legislators owed a favor, Unruh was picked in October, 1957, by Fred Dutton to manage the Southern California gubernatorial campaign for the then Attorney-General Edmund G. "Pat" Brown. He went on the Brown payroll at $10,000 per year while continuing to serve in the legislature. First he had to overcome the objections of the party's big financial contributors, who felt he was too close to the maverick CDC; then he had to make his peace with the conservative unions that have long dominated the Los Angeles County Labor Council.*

The gubernatorial campaign of 1958 was the best organized, and offered the Democrats' first united front, in the history of the state. "Pat" Brown was running against William F. Knowland, Oakland newspaper publisher, conservative Republican and a Chiang Kai-shek supporter in the U. S. Senate. The ideological lines were clearly drawn: Knowland supported a right-to-work measure on the ballot; Brown was advocating a liberal program of legislation which the state had long needed and never received. Labor, for the only time in the state's history, backed its claims of delivering the vote. The CDC, now grown to 100,000 members, had become a political veteran. Two unsuccessful Stevenson campaigns and a losing Senatorial race in 1956 (when Senator Kuchel defeated Richard Richards) had added professional skills to amateur enthusiasm.

In the maelstrom of precinct operations in California, there are no ward heelers, no patronage appointments, no jobs on the city rolls, no welfare handouts. In short, there is nothing to compel the voters' loyalty to the machine. Without party loyalty (and Democratic switching once ran as high as 30 per cent), the only solution is voter education. This the CDC handled with great skill. By 1958, many club members were walking precincts for the third time and had come to know the residents on a first-name basis. Months prior to the election, key precincts were combed, then worked again and again. Some precincts had workers make as many as three door-to-door sweeps, talking issues, explaining the Democratic platform, extolling the merits of the *entire* ticket.

Brown's campaign manager, Fred Dutton (now an Assistant Secretary of State for Congressional Affairs) and Don Bradley, campaign manager for Senatorial candidate Clair Engle, built a state-wide operation unprecedented in thoroughness and efficiency. Jess Unruh learned a great deal about politics from these two while serving as Brown's Southern California chairman.

Brown beat Knowland by more than a million votes. Democrats elected six of seven state-wide candidates, reversed the Republican edge in the House delegation from 17-13 to 16-14, and gave Brown sizable majorities in both houses of the state legislature.

The legislature which convened in Sacramento in 1959 offered Brown's program little opposition, primarily because Jess Unruh had political muscle and a willingness to use it. Unruh had some claim to high office in the Assembly as a reward for the Southern California campaign. The speakership —probably the second most important office in Sacramento—was open. Assemblyman Gus Hawkins, a twenty-four-year veteran who, for the first time in his career, was a member of the majority, was a front-runner for the office. Munnell was heir apparent to the majority leader's post. In one of the most politically important of his many moves, Unruh backed Assemblyman Ralph Brown for the Speaker's chair. To this end, he rounded up the support of Richfield Oil, pointing out to its lobbyist that Hawkins was heavily backed by Superior Oil Co.

The battle of the oil companies is another of California's unique and ubiquitous political problems. The oil industry here is divided into two large groups—"Big Oil" and "Little Oil." Aside from a common endorsement of the 27.5 per cent depletion allowance and an aversion to state gasoline taxes, the two have little in common. "Big Oil"—Standard, Shell, Signal, Tidewater, Union and Texaco—are huge companies which not only drill and refine oil, but maintain their own retail outlets. "Little Oil" constitutes such companies as Superior, Wilshire, Pauley and some others little known outside the state. Richfield shifts between the two groups, a maverick with a large retail operation but a dependence upon the major producers for a large share of its crude. With one person of every five in the state employed directly or indirectly in the service of the internal combustion engine, and with gasoline tax revenues of $357.6 million second only to the retail sales tax in state income, the state legislature figures heavily in the considerations of the various oil companies.*

At work even before the legislature opened, Unruh lined up support for Ralph Brown. Many Assemblymen owed Unruh a favor for having steered campaign contributions their way. Brown was elected Speaker and Unruh's reward was chairmanship of the powerful Ways and Means Committee. For the first time he had an official position which made him the equal in prestige of his tutor, William Munnell. Additionally, Unruh was the funnel through which campaign contributions now poured. Assemblymen who had received assistance repaid their debts; Assemblymen who might need assistance—in both

*The fat cats in both parties have traditionally lined up in California politics to protect their common interests regardless of party lines. The lack of party discipline accounts for the fact that a former vice-chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, Howard Ahmanson, is now one of Unruh's strongest backers; that Hugh Evans, chairman of the financially impressive Democratic Associates is a former Republican wheelhorse; that Charles Jones, president of the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade's television sponsor, Richfield Oil, bankrolled Unruh's rise in the Assembly.

*Campaign contributions are one index of the importance of the state legislature to oil companies. One former Assemblyman has estimated that Superior Oil donates "conservatively" $250,000 to both primary and general elections. Of this, $100,000 will find its way to deserving Assembly, State Senate and Congressional candidates. To defeat a proposition on the November, 1962, ballot which would have reapportioned the State Senate on lines more favorable to the metropolitan areas, Standard Oil contributed $25,000, second only to the $30,000 chipped in by the nation's second largest public utility, Pacific Gas and Electric. Richfield Oil came up with $10,000 for the cause and Superior Oil contributed $5,000. The proposition was defeated.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

parties—listened to the powerful Unruh.

Around Unruh gathered a group of legislators who had once been the core of the liberal minority. On the Assembly floor, the group was dubbed the Praetorian Guard, the phalanx of the advocates for the Governor's program. Off the Assembly floor, a handful of convivial, though not necessarily well-heeled, lobbyists were added. The "Cub Scout Den," as it came to be called—Unruh was known familiarly as "the Den Mother"—became the source of Unruh's political strength.

"Pat" Brown's legislative program was long overdue. His principal spokesman, especially on matters of taxation, was Jess Unruh. Cross-filing was repealed, a Fair Employment Practices Act was passed, state aid to education and unemployment compensation were increased, $75 million in workers' benefits were approved. The Governor was later to say that Unruh made his reputation on his, Brown's, program and that Brown made his on the strength of Unruh's ability to push it through.

There was one major failure. As part of an eight-point program to raise $245 million in taxes, Brown asked for an oil-severance tax which would have raised $23 million a year. Brown fought hard, but Unruh was not enthusiastic for the measure; neither were the various Assemblymen who had come to appreciate the value of Unruh-apportioned oil contributions. The proposal was defeated.

Unruh had waited through two fruitless sessions for the heavy Democratic majorities needed to pass the two bills of which he is the most proud. His Civil Rights Act flatly prohibits racial or religious discrimination in all business transactions in the state and has come to be the one item that confounds those who view the man as a conservative. (Naturally, the measure did nothing to hurt its author in the Negro precincts of his own district, while the lobbies it antagonized—real estate, for example—were already opposed to him.) The second act to which he put his name was brilliant in its Machiavellian design. The Retail Credit Act established interest rates and effectively stifled the loan sharks who had pillaged lower-class neighborhoods for years. In halting the politically powerless loan sharks and appearing as the friend of the little man, Unruh also set a 1.5 per cent per month (18 per cent per year) interest rate on revolving credit funds favored by the metropolitan department stores. The 18 per cent per year rate—which Unruh tacitly concedes may be high, "but we had no previous experience anywhere to draw on"—obtained for him the backing of James S. Sheppard, former president of the state bar, a conservative Democrat and counsel for most of Los Angeles' largest department stores. A member of Democratic Associates, the party's largest fund-raising source, Sheppard was also influential with the multi-million-dollar, Republican-owned firms he represented, and was thus able to tap conservatives of both parties. And Unruh had a claim upon him.

Unruh was planning ahead, knowing full well that John F. Kennedy did not like California's political climate, despite the considerable support from the California delegation he had received in his abortive bid for the Vice-Presidential nomination in 1956. In California, there was no machine to deal with, no party discipline, the Congressional delegation was a collection of "me-firsts" with local machines and little party loyalty. Worst of all, there was the CDC, that collection of wild-eyed liberals who took part in political campaigns for the fun of it or out of democratic (small "d") idealism without thought of political preference or monetary reward for themselves. Furthermore, the CDC strongly favored Adlai Stevenson and would have happily dragooned him into running a third time. (The massive Stevenson demonstrations at the Democratic National Convention in Los Angeles were staged and staffed almost entirely by CDC people with a happy disregard for the professional politicians.

Late in 1959, Unruh met with Kennedy's two political tacticians, Lawrence O'Brien and Kenneth O'Donnell. The three saw eye-to-eye, pocketbook-to-pocketbook. Unruh had a growing appreciation of image-politics, thanks to his apprenticeship in California's cross-filing campaigns. At that meeting, Unruh acquired the inside track to the White House because "Pat" Brown was simultaneously making a serious political mistake: he was picking the state's delegation to the Democratic convention in a democratic (small "d" again) fashion.

In 1950, as an early step to broaden the base of the Democratic Party, Glenn Anderson, then Los Angeles County Committeeman, worked out a scheme whereby the delegation to the Democratic National Convention would be picked literally from the grass roots. In addition to office holders and their petty-patronage appointees, one or two people were to be selected from each Congressional district after the district had caucused and presented a list of six or eight to the head of the delegation.

Ten years later, Brown followed this formula to the letter. He had problems which the Kennedys, in their machine-politics wisdom, could not and would not appreciate. If Brown was for Kennedy as he had said, then, dammit, he should appoint a delegation which, like those of the Eastern states, would stay in line. There was steady pressure on Brown from Unruh and others to do just that. But Brown had to run for re-election whether Kennedy won or not, and he needed the support of all elements in the party. (California's gubernatorial election does not fall in the same year as the Presidential; with no top-down support, the candidate in California must do it from the bottom up.)

California was badly split; the Stevenson contagion was as virulent as ever. Kennedy had major strength here, most of it from the party professionals, including both Brown and Unruh; but there was also support for both Lyndon Johnson and Symington. Brown put a finger into the wind, decided to double the size of the delegation (giving each member one-half vote), and began choosing. He had no control over the votes of the delegation (a matter which still leaves Eastern politicians shaking their heads) and had only the option of when he might release them.

Kennedy's strategy was for a quick, first-ballot victory at the convention; he needed every vote California could give him. The Kennedy camp, through Unruh, exerted as much pressure as it could to force Brown to release the delegation on the first ballot; the Steven-

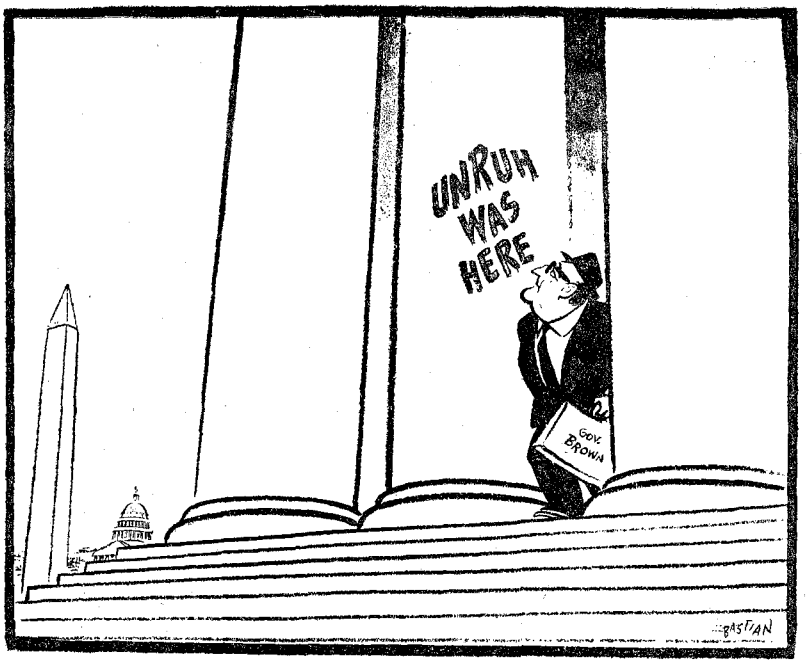
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

son, Johnson and Symington people on the delegation demanded that he hold the votes as a favorite son. Second-ballot defections, they all reasoned, would give *their* candidate a better chance. Brown wavered, and in that wavering he lost the confidence of Kennedy's professionals.

Unruh, who had filled a vacuum in Sacramento left when Samish was involuntarily retired, was there to fill another one. Brown now projected the image of a man of hair-trigger indecision and, in national party terms, was therefore unfit for the mantle of leadership. The National Committeeman was Attorney General Stanley Mosk. Mosk had been elected just prior to the Democratic National Convention to replace Paul Ziffren, an eight-year veteran who had made no bones of his dislike for Lyndon Johnson. The order to dump the liberal Ziffren came not from Kennedy, as has been whispered, but from Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn, who was promoting Lyndon Johnson's candidacy. Rayburn passed the word to the House delegation that Ziffren had to go or they might have trouble getting bills through.

The Kennedy campaign in California was hardly an unqualified success. Dutton had overall charge; Bradley was to handle the northern half of the state. Unruh, who again was the paid campaign manager in Southern California, ignored the CDC, partly out of a growing suspicion of volunteer politics and partly because the Kennedy men were running a different sort of campaign, one with a heavy reliance on television. The CDC, in turn, volunteered little; for many, the joy was gone from politics. Kennedy had bought the nomination (walkie-talkies on the convention floor rankled) and Stevenson had been finally deprived of the Presidency. Even the candidacy of Richard Nixon did little to stir their partisan juices. Then, too, the replacement of Ziffren, their much-admired defender, as National Committeeman, also smacked of big-city, Eastern bossism. If that was the way politics was, they weren't going to play.

Late in the campaign, with the Kennedy drive hardly a model of efficiency, Representative James Roosevelt and Manny Rohatiner, a field secretary for Los Angeles County Supervisor Ernest Debs,



went to Unruh, suggesting that he install a get-out-the-vote drive on Election Day in addition to everything else that was planned. The result was a last-minute operation. The effort was focused in those lower-class, traditionally Democratic districts where the vote turnout is also traditionally poorest; its intent was to produce an extra 10 per cent of the registered Democrats who normally wouldn't come out to vote. According to Rohatiner, the effort turned a loss of 75,000 in Los Angeles County into a narrow 25,000 Kennedy victory. Nixon, however, won the state by 35,000 votes (of six million cast). Neither Dutton nor Unruh was charged by the White House with the loss; after all, Unruh had delivered Los Angeles County and its 40 per cent of the state-wide vote—at a cost of $313,000.

Kennedy safely in the White House, Unruh was involved in the apportionment of political favors. To provide regional balance in the Cabinet, the Postmaster General was to come from California. Governor Brown reportedly favored Hugo Fisher, the liberal State Senator from Republican-voting San Diego who had carried much of the Governor's program in the upper house. Unruh wanted someone less closely aligned with the party's "liberal" wing and the CDC. The new President named J. Edward Day, then chairman of Democratic Associates, former legal and legislative assistant to Adlai Stevenson in Illinois, and vice president of Prudential Insurance Co. CDC leaders grumbled privately.

Similarly, Unruh's suggestion that George E. O'Brien, head of the electricians' union and the dominant force in the Los Angeles Labor Council, would make an excellent U.S. Marshal was acted upon. O'Brien had provided many of the people for the get-out-the-vote drive, paying some of the unemployed union people from COPE funds.

In Sacramento, Unruh's power had grown substantially. His assistance to selected candidates to whom he also channeled money from the ever-eager lobbyists now was to be repaid. Meanwhile, the CDC was struggling with a host of problems.

In many areas, the volunteers had worked for local Assembly and Congressional candidates, but had ignored the top of the ticket. (Kennedy ran 200,000 votes behind the Los Angeles County Assembly candidates, one million behind the state's Democratic registration.) The volunteers reserved the right to refuse service to anyone. Although individual clubs were strong, weaknesses in the organization as a whole were painfully obvious. The CDC is a grass-roots organization, but it is some of the highest-price grass around. There are few clubs in areas of high minority-group registration. Labor, that huge bloc of lower-middle-class voters, is virtually unrepresented in it. Individually, and col-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lectively as COPE, the unions have disdained the CDC as an organization unresponsive to labor's demands and far too cerebral. The CDC's greatest strength lies largely in those upper-middle and upper-class areas where Democrats have the slimmest chances of election. Individual clubs promote discussion of issues—some more than others—and these discussions cruise along at a university-seminar level, far above the rank and file's collective head. Formed to educate the voter, the CDC has served to educate precisely those people least in need of help.

The organization's leadership is well aware of these weaknesses and has taken steps to correct them. But a basic conflict remains.

Once elected, politicians become extremely cagey about taking public stands. Even more, they want to avoid having positions thrust upon them. Those in office before the CDC became a force in California politics have carefully avoided the organization. Representative James Roosevelt, liberal enough for the CDC, represents a district which is a hotbed of volunteer activity, but has never been a CDC supporter.

At its height during Brown's campaign in 1958, the volunteer movement numbered 100,000; just two years later, it had fallen to half that. Those remaining were the most dedicated; but, to the anger of the politicians, the dedication was not to the party, but to the issues which had led the volunteers to the party in the first place.

Unfortunately, the loyal troops were not as diligently backing their policy positions (e.g., abolish HUAC, admit Red China to the UN, repeal state loyalty oaths and reduce arms expenditures) with precinct work. In the 1958 primary, CDC candidates, including incumbents, took twenty-nine of thirty-one races. "Extreme" (in terms of the currently muted political debate) or not, the CDC could not be ignored when it produced such results. But the volunteers' enthusiasm flagged during the Kennedy campaign and has not returned. The correct cause-effect relationship will never be clear. Unruh and the professionals surrounding him insist they ignored the CDC because its enthusiasm for their candidate had waned. The CDC's defenders argue that their enthusiasm was dissipated precisely because Unruh and the Kennedys ignored the volunteer movement.

By the opening of the 1961 session of the state legislature, Jesse Marvin Unruh was running the Assembly. Presiding as chairman of Ways and Means (which, like its Washington namesake, is a kingpin committee), he helped the Speaker appoint committees, fought a running feud with the upper house, and perfected his ability to appraise each bill for its inherent worth, financial or otherwise, to the party. Three terms in the Assembly had given him the background he needed, and the keys to enough skeleton closets, to suggest in strong terms to lobbyists that this or that bill was worth this or that sum of money.

According to one lobbyist, Unruh views all bills as being one of three types: it will help only the lobby at the expense of the taxpayer; it will help the taxpayer at the expense of the lobby; or it will help one without harming the other. The first type does not move; Unruh's stock response is, "I don't think this is the year for your bill." Bills favoring the taxpayer at the expense of the lobbyist will pass the Assembly if the lobby is not particularly strong. The bills which hurt no one (although they usually mean that the lobbyist will benefit financially) acquire unspoken values — sometimes blocks of $25-a-plate dinner tickets, sometimes outright contributions to one campaign or another, sometimes the promise not to oppose a bill in which another group is interested. There are many rumors and few facts about this general weighing of legislation. One thing is clear: Unruh has become a past master at it.

During this 1961 session, Assemblyman Charles Wilson, long a CDC foe, introduced two bills in the legislature designed to curb the volunteer organization's power. The most important would have deprived the CDC of the right to make preprimary endorsements, thereby removing that group's dulled Sword of Damocles. Neither bill became law, although it was not Unruh's fault. Rammed through the Assembly by Unruh, one bill died in the upper house and the other was vetoed by the Governor at the request of Paul Ziffren, patron saint of the CDC. The Governor's veto was fulfillment of his promise to Ziffren that, as Governor, he would not permit any weakening of the CDC by the legislature now that Ziffren was no longer able to use the National Committeeman's office to protect his offspring. For his part, Ziffren was to do everything possible to keep the CDC united behind the Brown ticket.

Ralph Brown was still the Speaker, and though an important figure in getting the Governor's program through the legislature, he was more and more overshadowed by Unruh. Brown let it be known that he was interested in retiring from Sacramento—a District Court of Appeals judgeship would be adequate, he thought. Unruh was the heir apparent, although Speaker pro-tem Carlos Bee would automatically move up if Brown were to resign after the legislature ended its session in June. Late in April, Unruh announced that he had the necessary votes to be elected—seven weeks before the legislature was to adjourn and four months before Ralph Brown's judgeship would be available. Brown chose not to view this as an affront; he only wanted out. Unruh maneuvered to have an urgency clause written into the judgeship bill, but was thwarted by state law. (The urgency clause would have set the court up before September, permitted Brown to resign as soon as the post was available and set the stage for Unruh's immediate election before the session ended.)

Lower house members offered no opposition to the judgeship bill, fearing what Unruh might do in the upcoming reapportionment were they to vote against the bill. Moreover, Unruh suggested to those who might oppose him that pet legislation might not find its way out of his committee. The judgeship for Brown went through; Brown resigned from the legislature at the end of the session and Bee moved up temporarily. Flexing his political muscle, Unruh managed an unprecedented, between-sessions call of the Assembly at which he was elected Speaker.

He was now officially the second most powerful man in Sacramento, a role he had filled unofficially for almost three years.

The reapportionment was to be a satisfying personal victory.

California is not one of those states which refuse to reapportion

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its Congressional and lower-house seats every ten years. Republican-dominated legislatures have over the years gaily redistricted the state with a vengeance, coupling reapportionment to the cross-filing primary to insure GOP dominance in the Assembly and Congressional delegation. But from 1950 to 1960, the state's population had increased 5.2 million — after a 3.6 million increase during the previous decade. The new residents moved into districts which had once been considered safely Republican and they registered 4-3 Democratic (about the same percentage as the state's "old-timers"). The massive population increase brought the state eight new Congressional seats and had long since upset the neatly drawn lines of 1950. Ten years later, Democrats had majorities in both houses and in the Governor's chair. Unruh set to work with relish.

No reapportionment in the state's history was done with such attention to sociological and political detail. Unruh had one of his closest lieutenants, Assemblyman Robert Crown, as head of the committee in charge of the gerrymander, as it was jokingly called, and Unruh himself sat on the committee. Crown, says Unruh, was "purely and simply the architect, although he came to me on everything." Crown was fortified by political scientists paid by the party who offered advice, by special studies of Los Angeles voting behavior for which Unruh rounded up the money, and by the sure knowledge that the final bill would go through pretty much as proposed.

Unruh's intention was to make this reapportionment stick for the next ten years, by which time a new census would award even more seats to California. (The state is ballooning at the approximate rate of one new Congressional seat each year.)

Furthermore, the state was awarded eight new Congressional seats by the 1960 census — seats badly needed by the Kennedy Administration in the conservative-dominated House of Representatives. O'Donnell, O'Brien and Robert Kennedy watched closely as Crown drew lines which would guarantee that a minimum of twenty-four of the state's thirty-eight-man delegation would be Democrats. (At that time, the balance favored the Democrats 16-14.) And while they were at it, architect Crown ruined the chances of three Republican incumbents, including the house's two members of the John Birch Society. (But for the untimely death of Rep. Clem Miller and the illness of Rep. Dalip Saund which prevented him from campaigning, the reapportionment would have netted twenty-six house seats for the Democrats. It now stands at 24-14 and the Democrats expect to reclaim both Miller's and Saund's seats.) Incumbent Congressmen, including Rep. Charles Gubser, a Republican, were given an opportunity to draw the lines as they wanted. Crown made some adjustments, but none that left any Democrats very unhappy.

The state's Assembly districts were completely redrawn. Crown had two considerations: pleasing the Democratic incumbents and winning support from a significant number of Republicans so as to forestall the possibilities of a referendum which would upset the redistricting. The liberal Crown did much to draw districts which would favor liberals of both parties.

Once on the floor, Unruh used the reapportionment bill to cut up the already weak Republican minority. As the bill moved through the Assembly, Unruh openly traded good Republican districts to GOP Assemblymen in return for their votes. He had a Democratic majority in the legislature, and the Republicans voted for the bill, forestalling any GOP-backed referendum. Even more, Unruh had destroyed Republican unity, splitting the minority into small groups of feuding legislators and redistricting the GOP leadership in the Assembly out of office.

This was Unruh's political "muscle," fully flexed.

Invested now with both the power and the glory of the Speakership, Unruh began planning for "Pat" Brown's re-election campaign. As he had in 1958 and 1960, he would handle the south. Don Bradley, Brown's political pro, would be in charge of the state-wide organization. In addition, Unruh was to handle the coordination of both Assembly and Congressional races in Southern California.

On Jan. 12, 1962, 1,200 people, one-third of them Republicans, paid $50 to attend a testimonial dinner for the new Speaker. He frankly admitted that the money from the dinner would be spent on deserving Assembly candidates. Lobbyists were conspicuous by their presence.

The co-chairman of the dinner committee represented the power bloc that Unruh had put together by that time. All were from the south. Hugh Evans, chairman of the Democratic Associates, was a savings and loan executive. Howard Ahmanson owned the world's largest savings and loan (a firm with assets of more than $1.1 billion), a bank and the largest fire-underwriting insurance company in the state. William Bassett represented the Los Angeles Labor Council. John Canaday was a vice president of Lockheed Aircraft. Neil Curry was a leader in the California Horse Racing Association and owned a trucking line. Edwin Pauley, long-time Democratic fat cat, owned his own oil company. Leslie Shaw, a Negro, represented the minorities; he also was a vice president of a savings and loan. Louis Warschaw, like Pauley, was a fixture at these dinners. His money, and advice, figured in Democratic politics; his wife was a prominent party office-holder.

The smoldering fight between the CDC and Unruh erupted with the June primary. In Los Angeles' 31st Congressional District (Unruh's own), Assemblyman Charles Wilson (he of the anti-CDC bills) was facing the CDC-oriented liberal, Jerry Pacht. Unruh had promised Wilson a Congressional district to his liking; Unruh wanted to add much of the high Democratic registration in Wilson's Assembly district to his own, but to do so would leave Wilson out on a limb. So Wilson was to run for Congress.

Pacht's long identification with the CDC, his forthright liberalism and his backing by Californians for Liberal Representation, a peace-oriented, civil-liberties-advocating group, all combined to make the fight a "natural." It is doubtful if Unruh thought that Wilson was the most brilliant legislator the party had sent to Sacramento, or even if he was the best man for Congress. But if Unruh demanded party loyalty in the legislature, he returned it in the campaigns. Into the district poured troops and money.

Unruh told Pacht that he would do "everything possible" to beat him. "Everything possible" included Red-baiting (which Unruh may not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have been responsible for, but made no effort to stop) and sending out a mailing to every Democrat in the district. The mailing, appearing as a telegram, bore the legend: "Kennedy Repudiates Pacht." The text was taken from a telegram sent at Unruh's request to Wilson by Larry O'Brien in the White House. Circled in red ink was the statement, "The President has neither by letter nor in any other way endorsed the candidacy of Mr. Pacht or. . . ." The heavy red circle blotted out the rest of the sentence: ". . . or any other candidates for the nomination." It was a professional job of misrepresentation only slightly mitigated by the fact that it had been prompted by the circulation of a letter sent to Pacht in 1960 by then-candidate Kennedy when the President-to-be endorsed Pacht's bid for Congress in another district. Although Pacht had reproduced the entire Kennedy letter, the date could easily be overlooked or discounted; the effect of the letter was to make it appear that Pacht had the President's support in the primary.

Wilson won by 5,000 votes of 57,000 cast, and Unruh had beaten the CDC in their first open battle.

The next month, Assemblyman Tom Bane, another of the "Cub Scout Den," and a slate of candidates representing both labor and the Negro and Mexican-American minorities, defeated a CDC slate for control of the Los Angeles County Committee. Even here Unruh's money approach to politics was apparent. The county committee had picked up ninety-nine new members (of 249) after COPE mailed to voters in Los Angeles slate cards naming Unruh supporters as endorsed candidates. In the virtual anonymity in which county-committee candidates run, the slate card was the voters' only aid.

The loss deprived the CDC of three important needs: the county committee's endorsement of candidates sympathetic to the CDC; a place to put to work its ideas of party reform and political education; and of equal importance, control of the chartering of the Democratic clubs.

Those who controlled the chartering could also influence the make-up of the clubs, refusing to recognize those clubs which might be too "liberal" (i.e., CDC-oriented). By extension, when these same clubs, plus whatever paper organizations Bane wished to charter, went to annual CDC conventions, they would favor those policy resolutions least likely to be "extreme" in the eyes of officeholders.

The following month Eugene Wyman, husband of Los Angeles City Councilwoman Rosalind Weiner Wyman, who had been a founding member of the Democratic Guild with Unruh thirteen years before, was elected chairman of the State Central Committee. Wyman had been appointed to the committee by the Governor only the year before with this express purpose in mind. A member of Democratic Associates, Wyman could be expected to see things as both the Governor and the Speaker saw them. The end result was to impress upon Congressional and Assembly candidates that the font of their good fortune was Unruh.

Brown's campaign for re-election was a great deal better than anyone has given the Governor credit for. First of all, he ran on his record of four years of progressive legislation, including the massive $1.75 billion Feather River project which would bring water to parched Southern California (Brown's administration will probably be best remembered for this project).

In great measure, this was a new "Pat" Brown, hardly the man whose image was one of indecisiveness, or that of a man manipulated by others. On orders from the White House, Unruh again installed a get-out-the-vote drive on Election Day (the Kennedys wanted a full-dress trial run for their operation in 1964). Unlike the 1960 drive, this one was to be staffed entirely by paid workers, each of whom was to receive $10 for his work. Unruh's operation recruited and briefed 13,000 people to man 4,000 precincts with high Democratic registration and loyalty records. Two-thirds of the estimated $150,000 spent on the operation in Los Angeles came from the Brown, Mosk and state-committee war chests. COPE paid 3,500 of the precinct workers who had been drawn from unemployment rolls. (This is probably the closest thing to precinct patronage in California; unfortunately, the work is intermittent and the pay too poor to make much of an impression.) The thoroughness of the Unruh operation was impressive; the county registrar of voters was led to remark, for example, on the unprecedented number of requests for absentee ballots in county hospitals.

To the volunteers, Unruh turned over the 8,000 precincts in which he had no operation going. Once again, the attempt was to bring out the extra 10 per cent of the Democratic vote which would normally sit it out.

Brown's re-election win over Nixon by 297,000 votes has been credited to everyone but Brown. Those who worked on the get-out-the-vote drive immediately issued victory statements; Unruh was characteristically more modest. He estimated that the get-out-the-vote drive garnered 100,000 votes for the top of the ticket. Even without those votes, Brown would have won. The CDC people, fearing that their efforts would be ignored, countered with claims of their own. Some 3,000 of the get-out-the-vote workers, paid or not, were CDC members. And in the precincts which Unruh had left untouched, even those with high Republican registrations, the Democratic turnout had been gratifying.

The CDC did contribute to the Brown victory, but the figures offered to support their claims to laurel wreaths are explained by something other than shoe-leather and persuasion. The highest voter turnouts were in districts worked by the CDC, but these districts are, by and large, the highest in income and socio-economic status. Democrats there would have turned out anyway.

The Unruh people claim a vote haul of 100,000—a figure which campaign strategists close to the Governor suspect might be more realistically pegged at 75,000. But the percentage of Democratic registration voting for Brown was lower in Los Angeles County (69.85 per cent) than in the two comparable counties in the San Francisco Bay Area (San Francisco, 74.69 per cent; Alameda, 73.5 per cent) and neither county had a paid operation going. In the only other county in the state with a registration over 250,000, Republican San Diego, the loyalty figure was 63.4 per cent, in spite of the fact that 200 of its 1,991 precincts were covered by the Unruh drive.

The man who, in successive elec-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

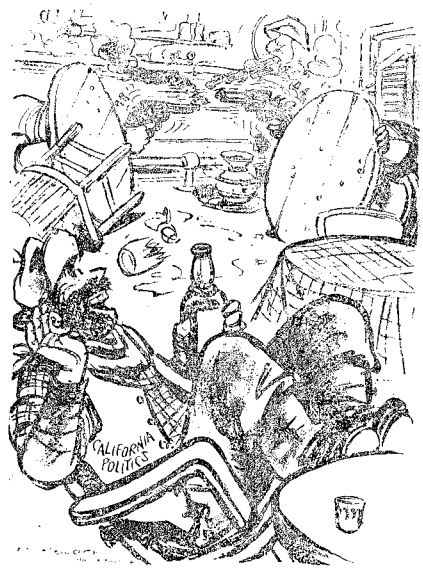
tions, had beaten the two biggest Republicans in California, William Knowland and Richard Nixon, was given no credit for his victory. The image of the indecisive, good-natured, but bumbling "Pat" Brown, lingered longer in the minds of the party functionaries than it did in the minds of the voters.

The vote solidified Unruh's position of authority with the Assembly and Congressional delegations. As chairman in the Southern California area for these campaigns, Unruh aided with money, planning and advice a number of candidates. He argues that the total campaign in Southern California has been vindicated. In Los Angeles County, he points out, Democrats captured twenty-two out of thirty-one Assembly seats, eleven out of fifteen Congressional seats and the State Senator's seat, "all that we had a right to expect."

Unruh's power will grow even more should the CDC be unable to haul itself up by its bootstraps. Paul Ziffren, Unruh's most powerful opponent and the CDC's protector, speaks now of the necessity of reorganization of the grass-roots movement, making it broader in appeal. Ziffren would also lead CDC back to state issues, where it can have immediate influence, forgoing national issues where its voice counts for less. But paradoxically, any move to bring the group back to prosaic, more parochial matters will disaffect a substantial group of the liberals who have fought for both the right to take stands on international questions and to serve as the conscience of the party. For them, the problem of the admission of Red China to the UN is far more intriguing than reorganization of county government.)

Unruh has made it clear that the CDC, in his opinion, must be either an endorsing body or a debating society; it cannot be both. If the group endorses and works for candidates, it should not issue policy resolutions which might embarrass those whom it endorses. If it chooses to discuss issues and pass resolutions, Unruh is more than willing to have it do so—as long as the group does not endorse. He can point to a great number of incumbent officeholders who believe the CDC endorsement a hindrance.

Ziffren believes the CDC can be



"Ah, that's more like it!"

both; it once was. The CDC conference, held in usually somnolent Bakersfield on the last weekend in March, will have serious consequences for the future of grass-roots politics in the United States. Whatever happens there, Jesse Unruh cannot be hurt; the CDC has no influence in the legislature.

The CDC's influence in Sacramento comes almost entirely from the Governor's office. A disagreement between Brown and Unruh on either the CDC or a major piece of legislation could trigger an open break between Brown's "center" and Unruh's "conservatives." (Only in California can a politician with a 100 per cent labor, 80 per cent American Friends Service Committee, pro-civil liberties voting record be a conservative.) Unruh is the Kennedy man in California, but Pat Brown is steadily reasserting his role as the head of the party. Neither man wants a power struggle which would lead inevitably to a north-south split and leave a shambles for Kennedy to pick his way through when he comes campaigning. But as Unruh's prestige increases with such honors as the Chubb fellowship to Yale, the unspoken challenge to Brown's leadership of the party also increases. A break could be thrust upon them.

The battle lines are shaping up. After Unruh had shown a lack of enthusiasm for a proposed anti-discriminatory housing bill, the CDC president, Tom Carvey, Jr., accused him of having invited the real-estate interests to attack the bill. Unruh dismissed the CDC spokesman as a "hilltop liberal." Governor Brown, asked to comment, said that "without disagreeing with the Speaker," he none the less intended to use the full powers of his office to see to it that good housing shall no longer be denied to any citizen because of the color of his skin or the kind of church he goes to.

Unruh's political future is a matter of some speculation. It is widely believed that he wants to succeed Brown as Governor; his denials are discounted as the politician's usual remarks in such a situation. If the Governor's Victorian mansion is Unruh's goal, the "bossism" image would prove to be the largest roadblock, a fact of which Unruh is well aware. There are other problems too. Unruh has one base of strength: the support, if not the undying devotion, of elected legislators. In Los Angeles, he also controls the county committee. But he has no popularity with the voters outside of his Assembly district and little contact with local politicians outside of Los Angeles County.

Unruh is a political animal. Being Governor of California is undoubtedly attractive to him, but there are others much closer to the party's nomination than he, including the CDC's first president, State Controller Alan Cranston, with whom Unruh is openly bickering.

The most likely spot for Unruh is somewhere on the national political scene, perhaps as Democratic National Chairman. There he can operate in a fashion which is most gratifying to him. He has mentioned leaving the speakership in four years, alluding to attractive business offers which would take him out of politics. Such a move is unlikely; Unruh likes politics and without a large personal fortune, or legislative office, he would be unable to maintain his stature in California's affairs.

Whatever his future, he will be more and more a man of political influence on the national scene. The tides of migration will boost California's status as the number one state in the Union, the Congressional delegation will inevitably grow in size and seniority, the heavy defense spending will continue to shift the financial center of power to the West Coast. California's benevolent lordling will inevitably extend his horizons and domain.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What the Russians Remember

THE SIEGE OF LENINGRAD. By Leon Gouré. Stanford University Press. 363 pp. $6.95.

Carl Dreher

Last December a group of peace partisans got together with representatives of the Pentagon "think factories," U.S. industrialists and government officials, and the First Secretary of the Soviet Embassy, to discuss arms control. The conference was co-sponsored by the University of Michigan and a division of the Bendix Corporation which subsists on arms research and production. Not altogether surprisingly, the peace partisans and the members of the military-industrial complex soon discovered that they were not speaking the same language. In the military-industrial language "a severe dysfunction of society" turned out to be the result of a hypothetical nuclear attack on the U.S. which produced 80 million casualties. They play it cool in those circles.

In part, the linguistic gap is the result of the exclusion of compassion, horror, anguish and similar obsolescent emotions by the military-industrial thinkers. In this respect the discussant who viewed 80 million American casualties with calm objectivity (he would be even calmer, if that were possible, about 80 million Russian casualties) differed not only from the peace partisans but also from an off-beat character like Ulysses S. Grant, who wept over the bloodshed in the Battle of the Wilderness, a rather trivial engagement by modern standards. Of course, Grant was up front and *saw* casualties, while to the discussant and his colleagues casualties are only statistics. Well insulated by their professional anesthesia, they are in no danger of shedding womanish tears — at any rate while World War III remains in the realm of gamesmanship.

There is another, quite unsentimental, factor which game theory ignores and which not only sterilizes the military-industrial language, but may lead to gross errors in prediction. Horace said that human nature cannot be thrown out with a pitchfork, and the same goes for national experience. One merit of Mr. Gouré's *The Siege of Leningrad* is that he translates statistics into human terms; another, that he retrieves an event which has been almost forgotten in the United States but which is still very much alive in Soviet thinking and motivation. I don't know how the military-industrial thinkers are going to crank the siege of Leningrad into their computers, but if they can't they had better realize that this datum is being left out, and that it is a lot more important than some of the data they are putting in.

Mr. Gouré is a social scientist and a RAND Corporation specialist in Soviet affairs. His account of the siege is valuable not only for itself, but as a reminder of the whole Russian experience in World War II, which enriched us, impoverished them, from which we emerged with 300,000 dead, and they with perhaps 30 million. Thus it may contribute to a true picture of what the American (and Russian) urban environment would be like after 40, 80 or 160 million casualties, and what our chances of "victory" would be even if we should manage to open up a wide Soviet missile gap. This was not Gouré's purpose in writing the book, but it is mine in reviewing it.

Arithmetically, at least, Leningrad can serve as a valid prognostic sample. If we assume 80 million U.S. casualties, 50 per cent of them fatal, we arrive at a 22 per cent overall fatality rate. Before the war Leningrad proper had somewhat more than 3 million inhabitants. During the early part of the war evacuations were offset by the influx of refugees. Estimates of deaths during the disastrous 1941-42 winter vary widely, but the most probable figure lies between 1,000,000 and 1,250,000, giving a mortality rate of 33 per cent. The corresponding ratios for Hiroshima and Nagasaki are around 23 per cent and 30 per cent. All four cases fall within the same order of magnitude, and there can be little doubt that all are too low for a large-scale nuclear exchange.

In some respects the survivors of a large American city subjected to thermonuclear bombardment might be better off than the Leningraders. If only part of the country were affected and if transportation facilities remained more or less intact, succor could come from the outside. There is at least an equal chance, however, that the situation of World War III survivors would be worse than that of the Leningraders. Their hardships were preponderantly those of insufficient fuel, food and water. The survivors of nuclear action, on top of these privations, would confront the problem of disposing of vast numbers of bodies. In Leningrad people died at an unmanageable rate at the peak of the crisis, but it was so cold that the bodies could be stacked in cemeteries for mass burial in the spring; nor was there ever an accumulation as large as Civil Defense posits in various exercises. Then, demolition was not too bad at Leningrad; in this respect, as in others, nuclear bombs are incomparably more efficient than TNT. Still another aggravating factor would be radiation sickness and the necessity of carrying on life in a more or less radioactive environment. Despite many obscure factors, there is no doubt that Gouré's account of human behavior under excruciating stress will apply, with a multiplier that can only be guessed at, to the aftermath of nuclear operations.

Leningrad was caught in a stranglehold between the Finns and the Germans soon after the Nazi attack on the Soviet Union in June, 1941. The main German assault (August 20-September 25) drove to within seven miles of the city, but failed to capture it. The Germans then tried to subjugate the city by air and artillery bombardment and by severing it from the rest of the country. The siege lasted twenty-eight months in all, but the critical period was from October, 1941 to April, 1942.

The Germans managed to cut all the rail routes, but the encirclement was never complete and the southern shore of Lake Ladoga remained in Russian hands. When the lake froze in November, a road was constructed over the ice. Despite appalling difficulties, in the five months of the road's existence trucks brought in 270,000 tons of food and 90,000 tons of other supplies. The food saved about two-thirds of the population

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the city itself. After that winter Soviet strength gradually increased and the siege ended on January 27, 1944.

During the first winter, water supply, electric power, sewerage and heating facilities broke down almost completely. The inhabitants carried water in pails from the Neva River for drinking and cooking. Washing was no longer possible, and excrement was thrown into the yards or kept in unheated rooms. For light, lamps of tiny wicks floating in oil or paraffin, both in extremely short supply, were improvised. Candles were even scarcer and could be obtained only on the black market.

Since there was insufficient fuel for the large stoves which were the main source of residential heat, families made small stoves of metal drums, bricks and other materials and used them for cooking and heating. At best, these devices could keep the temperature of one room a few degrees above freezing, and that at the cost of many fires. The struggle for fuel was second only to the struggle for food. Coal and wood were stolen from places of work, or obtained on the black market. Wooden houses were torn down for fuel. When all else failed, people burned their furniture and the inside trim and doors of apartments, and even tore up the floors if they were still capable of so much exertion. A good many people froze, but this was usually an indirect effect of hunger; they lacked strength to scrounge for fuel.

The crucial problem was food. The authorities had failed to anticipate the siege and on October 1, the reserves of flour amounted to only 20,000 tons. Despite severe rationing, only 8,000 tons remained on November 1. Front-line troops received 2,600 calories a day but the civilian population was already beginning to starve. The bread ration was cut precipitately to 250 grams (8.8 ounces) per day for workers and half that for others. By official reckoning, white-collar workers were living on 580 calories a day; the actual figure was lower. To get their bread ration, Leningraders had to stand in line for hours in the bitter cold.

The bread is described by one of Gouré's sources as "black like Donets coal, bitter, hard, containing two-thirds admixtures and of questionable nutritional value." It contained at least 10 per cent sawdust or other cellulose and 10 per cent cottonseed oil cake, originally intended for fuel for ships, but found to be edible. The authorities resorted to every expedient to obtain food or food substitutes. When grain was found under the floor of a bakery plant's storage bin, floors of all bins were torn up and a total of 389 tons was recovered in this way. The meat industry reprocessed industrial grease for consumption and perfume factories refined industrial oils for the same purpose.

The Army still ate. Factory canteens provided a little extra food for essential workers. Gouré quotes from the diary of an employee in an electric power station which was still in operation on November 11: "For two days we've been getting . . . soup made from gray cabbage — a hard woodlike leaf in salt water, without any trace of fat and with such a smell that it permeates the room. One has to eat it without breathing. And when this cabbage is washed and boiled in its sour form, one chokes from the smell."

Still, it was food. As the famine progressed, workers ate grease and oil from their machines. All cats and dogs in the city were eaten, together with rats, mice and sparrows. There were cases of cannibalism, including crazed parents who ate their children. The bread was further adulterated with scraps of tree bark and leather. Soup was made by boiling buttons and leather straps. One eyewitness reports "cakes made of sawdust, jelly made from carpenters' glue, a moldy bouillon concentrate . . . raw bran, pancakes made from powdered wallpaper glue and containing an insect repellent, and bitter, raw oil cake." People became ill from eating these concoctions, and some died.

There was nothing special about dying. Hundreds of thousands were starving to death or dying of deficiency diseases. Some died because they shared their bread rations with relatives or friends, and those they had tried to save died too. At the peak of the famine, every day hundreds of Leningraders dropped in the streets. Nothing could be done. Most passersby were too weak themselves to risk trying to lift a fallen person to his feet; besides, he would only fall down again. According to the testimony of a doctor, in one district alone 250 corpses were found daily in the streets. Estimates of deaths in January and February, 1942, vary from 12,000 to 30,000 a day.

Regardless of one's sympathies, the behavior of the people of Leningrad in the winter of starvation is painful reading. There was heroism and there was degradation, both larger than life-size. Since the heroism was Russian, it is against the canons of the cold war to give it recognition. Though by the same standard the degradation should be pleasant to behold, it isn't. Even those Americans who are convinced that the Russians are a nation of hyenas must sense that in the "severe dysfunction" which World War III will surely bring on, the degradation will be ours as surely as the enemy's.

Saints, heroes and martyrs are exceptional: that is why they are remembered. There were some of these among the Leningraders; there were also a few pro-Germans and many who simply wanted an end to the siege, unaware that Hitler had sworn to raze the city. Those who were ardent Communists, or simply patriotic Russians, had a great psychological advantage over the future survivors of a nuclear war — a tangible enemy stood at the gates of their city and continued to fire on them. Many who could have been evacuated preferred to stay. "If one has to perish," one woman wrote, "let it be here." A party member said, "We shall eat bricks, but we will not surrender the city." "Mow the accursed Fascist snakes to the ground!" a girl wrote to her soldier friend. That spirit was by no means universal, but it was decisive. Reading Gouré's account, anyone not totally blinded by cold-war prejudice (which, we may be sure, will prove as ephemeral as the obligatory pro-Sovietism of 1942-1945) must conclude that the siege of Leningrad ranks with the defense of Moscow and the defeat of the Germans at Stalingrad as one of the great epics of history.

The degradation was as livid as the heroism was inspiring, for all that much of the beastliness was involuntary, almost reflexive. Starving children sometimes attacked persons leaving a bread store. A typical contemporary account:

> *A woman has thrown a boy, aged twelve, to the ground and is choking him. From his mouth there sticks out a little piece of bread, which he is trying to chew. "Don't you dare, don't you dare swallow it! Give back the bread, damn you!"*

One of Gouré's informants was told by some children he knew: "We had

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

luck. Papa and Mamma died, and we and Grandmother hid them in the attic and now we have five ration cards for three persons. . . . There is lots of bread." The hiding of a body for the use of the deceased's ration card till the expiration date was common practice. Or the card might be exchanged on the black market for something the holder needed even more than food, such as fuel, or medicine when it was obtainable. Early in the siege, cards were also extensively traded for luxury items. Another of Gouré's informants bartered a fur coat of good quality for two ration cards, a worker's and a dependent's, each valid for twenty-one days. The card-sellers were "a strong healthy man in a fur-lined leather coat, and his wife, a young, well-dressed woman." They brought their own candle, the better to inspect their purchase. Probably they had connections in the rationing office.

The theft of ration cards from people who collapsed in the street was widespread. In some cases people were attacked and their cards seized. This might result in the death of the victim, since a long investigative process was necessary before a new card could be issued. Robberies of other kinds occurred, but the motive was usually to obtain food. When, in the spring of 1942, conditions improved, crime fell sharply to the pre-siege level.

It is most unlikely that we would show to better advantage than the self-seeking or desperate Leningraders in a situation of comparable difficulty. "Apparently," Gouré remarks, "Soviet society always contained an element ready to engage in free enterprise when the returns justified the risk." This was after twenty years of exposure to the doctrine that free enterprise is the root of all evil. What, then, would things be like in a country where free enterprise is extolled as the source of all good? A country so individualistic that a respectable clergyman could advise the laity that it would be legitimate to shoot neighbors who tried to share the family fallout shelter? A country in which, in World War II, a black market thrived in sugar, gasoline and meat because a good many people demanded and got their accustomed measure of comfort, war or no war? In a post-nuclear-attack situation, such a country might find itself on a dog-eat-dog basis, ill-suited for a return to normalcy if, indeed, that were possible at all.

The worse the situation, the more collectivist a society needs to be to cope with its difficulties. Gouré points out that social life in the Soviet Union was (and is) highly collectivized. The professional, social and recreational activities of the great majority of citizens were (and are) highly integrated. Gouré writes:

> *The social groups gave the individual Leningrader a sense of belonging to a larger unit than his immediate family, and to some extent substituted for the family. They gave him moral support, a sense of security, and various forms of assistance in time of need.*

Gouré does not say it, but people in a free society are not as well prepared to live under catastrophic conditions as are those of a coordinated society. If we get ourselves into an all-out war with the Russians, the advantages we now enjoy may well be replaced by disadvantages, perhaps of an insuperable magnitude — unless we turn collectivist ourselves.

It is likely, also, that affluence is a poor preparation for a protracted period of "severe dysfunction." Take a single item: heating facilities. Though living in a region where -40°F. is common in the winter, the Leningraders had little residential central heating. The descent from their primitive facilities to those available to slum dwellers in the United States was not as hard for them as it would be for Americans who complain when the thermostat allows the temperature to drop from 70° to 68°. It would be another case of the bigger they are, the harder they fall.

Another foreseeable handicap would emerge among us in the event of a nuclear showdown. Most Russians have had civilian or military combat experience, or both. Leningrad, under German bombardment for more than two years but never captured, probably came off no worse than the Soviet cities which were overrun. Our soldiers and sailors, facing death far from home, have shielded the civilian population from the horrors of war, now magnified beyond comparison. No country is prepared for the casualty rates of a nuclear war, but among the Western nations we are surely the least prepared of all.

On these counts among others, Gouré's book may be commended to the military-industrial intelligentsia for professional reading; and for vital reorientation it may be recommended to the radio-, newspaper- and newsweekly-drugged public. The former may see in it only an argument for a preventive strike, in the hope of overcoming the human-factor advantage which the Soviets would clearly possess in a more or less equal nuclear exchange. But this is a hair-raising military and political gamble, as well as a new and untried version of the Christian ethic. Assuming the more likely case in which the war comes unwilled, by armament build-up and feedback, the Red society could be reconstituted faster than ours, and in something like its present form, despite more severe injury. Our society, if and when reassembled, might be found to have taken on a character indistinguishable from theirs, or distinguishable only in that theirs would be neo-Communist and ours would be neo-Fascist. "Better Red than dead" is a false polarity as long as the peace is preserved. Under postwar conditions it might well turn out to be true.

Bureaucratic Fauna

THE ORGANIZATIONAL SOCIETY: An Analysis and a Theory. By Robert Presthus. Alfred A. Knopf. 323 pp. $6.

Harvey Swados

It needs to be said at the outset that this book is very much worth your attention, for you would never guess it from outward appearances. It is one of the most unprepossessing volumes ever produced by the firm of Knopf; the textbookish dust jacket, with its dismal design and copy, is a disaster, and one is not even safely past the acknowledgments before Thorstein Veblen becomes Thornstein Veblen. Nor does Robert Presthus help matters by ordering his material so doggedly that each chapter begins, academic-lecture fashion, with a description of what it proposes to examine, and concludes, as relentlessly, with a parallel summation of what it has just examined.

Harvey Swados is the author of False Coin, On the Line *and* Nights in the Gardens of Brooklyn *(all Little, Brown).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In addition, Mr. Presthus, although wary of social science jargoneering, has not fully succeeded in evading it, and is not always himself a happy phrase-maker. He christens one of his three principal models of organization man the "Upward-Mobile," a type sounding as though it owed more to Alexander Calder than to its creator's acknowledged masters, Veblen, Weber, Mills, Merton and Harry Stack Sullivan.

In all truth, the book does not get off to a swinging start. Mr. Presthus begins by defining the big organization, gives us a historical run-down of our transformation into an organizational society, and goes on to recapitulate Sullivan's interpersonal theory and to illustrate how it can be employed to interpret and elucidate organizational behavior. Even the devoted reader of case histories is likely to find the ones cited in this connection, from a psychiatric study by M. B. and R. A. Cohen, less than fascinating, and their conclusions less than startling (among them: "for the top man, the motivations and skills must be at least in some ways different from those of the men who work under him. He must, for one thing, have a considerably greater degree of maturity and independence of judgment." Big deal.)

It is in the second half of the book that Professor Presthus really gets rolling. Chapters six, seven and eight, collectively titled Patterns of Accommodation, present us with the primary types that he detects in the big organizations, The Upward-Mobiles, The Indifferents and The Ambivalents. They are clinched by a concluding chapter, The Social Dysfunctions of Organization, that is little short of devastating. These chapters are tonic and important because in them Mr. Presthus makes credible — partly through copious and intelligent use not only of the methodology of the major figures already cited, but also of the significant work produced during the last decade by Lipset and Bendix, Caplow and McGee, Hollingshead and Redlich, Warner, Lazarsfeld and Adorno — his interpretation of the modern organization, its effects upon its employees and executives, and its disturbing implications for the future of us all.

He posits a majority group of Indifferents (both white- and blue-collar workers), who limit their aspirations, transfer them elsewhere, and live and work for their evenings, weekends and paid vacations; and brackets them between the numerically smaller categories of the Ambivalent, the basically introverted and anxious intellectual unable to "honor the status system," and the Upward-Mobile, "roughly defined as one who can take seriously the status systems of big organizations." It could be argued that he does not take into consideration a possible fourth type, which might be called The Saboteurs (the agitators, the nihilists, the Schweiks and those who decamp for Brazil with the loot), and that his categorizing would have profited immeasurably from an immersion in world literature (footnote obeisances to Kafka, Camus and Norman Mailer notwithstanding) as thorough as that in the literature of social science. Why should it not be frankly conceded that a more profound insight into the nature of bureaucratic man is to be found in the few pages of "The Sentry," that extraordinary short story by the nineteenth-century Russian writer, Nicholas Leskov, than in many a tedious, sweaty, socio-psychiatric study?

But the proof of Mr. Presthus' effectiveness is in the fascination of his typology and in the horror of his first-rate closing chapter, which draws upon the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* and the Congressional hearings into the administration of the military research and development programs, to demonstrate powerfully how "individual growth and creativity are often at odds with organizational logic."

Here is Mr. Presthus at his acid best, on the temperament of the Upward-Mobile:

. . . To sit through endless meetings; to consider gravely the opinions and suggestions of subordinates who neither know nor can they be told that higher policy imperatives have so narrowed the range of alternatives that discussion is really beside the point; to endure the often pointless discussions into which committees often degenerate; to give way gracefully on small things; to suppress dislike and irritation; to treat unequals equally; to seriously propose expansive plans and programs, most of which are sure to be stillborn; to waste ruthlessly the time of others in an effort to legitimate one's role of co-ordination; to discuss every issue at the level of principle, meanwhile keeping an eye on its implications for one's power and perquisites; to weigh proposals both in terms of their substantive rationality and in terms of the influence of those who propose them; to

"One of the few genuinely important American books of the post-World War II period."*

THE GREAT ASCENT

THE STRUGGLE FOR ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT IN OUR TIME

by Robert L. Heilbroner

The author of THE FUTURE AS HISTORY and THE WORLDLY PHILOSOPHERS takes a hard look at "the process of economic development for some 100 emergent nations populated by some 2,000,000,000 human beings, and the relationship of that developmental process to the West generally, and to the United States in particular.

▶ "The tone is that of a professional scholar, appealing to reason...The impact is that of a grenade."
—*Christian Science Monitor*

▶ "THE GREAT ASCENT is radical in the best sense of the word. It goes to a key problem, treats it without preconceptions, and emerges with conclusions that are persuasive, no matter how jarring...He has spoken with remarkable lucidity and force a number of things that desperately need to be said."
—*ERIC F. GOLDMAN

▶ "A lucid, enlightening and coldly realistic book."
—ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *N. Y. Times*

▶ "An incisive essay on a vastly significant subject by a highly talented author."
—CHARLES BURTON MARSHALL

At all bookstores • $4.00

HARPER & ROW, *Publishers*
New York 16

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They call themselves "Patriots"

THE EXTREMISTS

WHO THEY ARE, WHAT THEY ARE FIGHTING AND WHERE THEY ARE LEADING THEIR CONFUSED ADHERENTS

by Mark Sherwin

"A well-documented history of the right-wing madness in America." —*Saturday Review*

"As clear an X-ray of the anatomy of Far Rightism as has been produced." —*Detroit Free Press*

ST MARTIN'S $5.00

WRITERS

N. Y. publisher wants books on all subjects, fiction, nonfiction. No fee for professional opinion. FREE: Brochures that show how your book can be published, publicized, sold; tips and article reprints on writing, publishing, contracts. Write Dept. 147-C

EXPOSITION 386 PARK AVE. S., N. Y. 16

"AMONG THE FINEST IN YEARS! A GREAT PICTURE!"—*Cue Magazine*

NOW AT 2 THEATRES
CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCES

GUILD 50th
33 W. 50th ST.
AT ROCKEFELLER PLAZA
PL 7-2406-7

THE NEW
RKO 23rd ST. Theatre
NEAR 8TH AVENUE
AL 5-7050

ASTOR PRODUCTIONS Presents ANTHONY PERKINS in THE TRIAL A Film By ORSON WELLES
Based on the novel by FRANZ KAFKA with JEANNE MOREAU • ELSA MARTINELLI • SUZANNE FLON
MADELEINE ROBINSON • AKIM TAMIROFF and ROMY SCHNEIDER with ORSON WELLES
Produced by ALEXANDRE SALKIND

The Best Way To Get THE NATION

THE NATION
333 Sixth Ave., New York 14

☐ One Year, $10
☐ Two Years, $18
☐ 6 Months, $5

☐ Bill Me ☐ Payment Enclosed
(Foreign and Canadian Postage $1 a year extra)

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY ..... ZONE....STATE.....
3-9-63

see progress and hope where neither exists — all require great staying power, the ability to bend reality into desired shapes, and an impregnable optimism.

It is a tribute to Professor Presthus' presentation that one closes his book gnawed with the desire for more, for a thoughtful consideration of whether the proliferant and predatory big organization, industrial, military, academic or whatever, really *can* be domesticated and made to serve not only production and the mystique of efficiency, but the individual human being and thus the good society—and if so, *how*.

ART

Hilton Kramer

The exhibition of drawings by George Caleb Bingham, at Knoedler's, is an unusual event in several respects. It brings us, first of all, a detailed glimpse of life on the Missouri frontier in the quarter-century preceding the Civil War. Born in Virginia in 1811, and brought to Missouri as a child, Bingham was an original, self-taught, immensely gifted artist whose sensibility was formed almost entirely on the rough experience and meager aesthetic resources of frontier civilization. Whatever other interest his art may hold for us now, it is above all a record of that civilization. It gives us a vivid pictorial account of the life of the towns and the river boats, and of the social and political rituals of a predominantly male society in the process of establishing itself on the edge of a wilderness. One of Bingham's achievements as a painter and draftsman was the creation of a wide variety of memorable male types, ranging from comical lay-abouts to the most respectable pillars of the new society, who embody so much of the drama and texture of a critical period in our history.

Beyond its purely historical and documentary interest, however, Bingham's art provides a remarkable example of the American artist making something original — and at times, something exalted—out of the very deprivations of his situation. Late in his career Bingham traveled to France and Germany, but his style, his subject matter, his whole attitude toward art, had by then been firmly established. It was an attitude that found the most promising artistic possibilities to lie in the portrayal of the common life of the Missouri settlements, and this was itself a conviction that a wider and richer cultural heritage would at that historical moment have almost certainly rendered unworthy for a temperament as fundamentally conservative as Bingham's. The constrictions he suffered—and not only of culture, for these were shared by many American artists of the period and often led to quite different results, but of personal temperament as well—all served to isolate his theme and focus his vision.

Bingham earned his living from an early age as a self-trained, workaday portrait artist, moving from city to city "taking likenesses" wherever he could hustle a commission. He turned to his more ambitious genre scenes only when he had accumulated a good deal of experience in his own work and after acquainting himself with other painting and prints of the period. It is of some significance, I think, that as his knowledge of art grew more sophisticated and his public became more national, his work became more and more local in its themes and preoccupations. What is so striking about the crowd scenes and the river-boat vignettes in Bingham's paintings when we look at them today is the extent to which we can still feel the pressure and freshness of his observation. No historic or mythological parallels are invoked. No extraneous symbolism or pictorial rhetoric obtrudes into these homely tableaux, with their easy mixture of farce and nobility. Bingham's style, though it varied a good deal over the years, remained consistently plain-spoken whenever he dealt with the Missouri life he knew at first-hand, and this was his principal theme over a long career.

The exhibition at Knoedler's consists of the more than 100 drawings from the sketchbook, now in the collection of the St. Louis Mercantile Library, which formed the basis of nearly all of Bingham's major works. These drawings, in pencil and wash, would be of great interest even if the paintings that were ultimately derived from them — particularly the great *Fur Traders Descending the Missouri* in the collection of the Metropolitan Museum — had never been done. Very exact and realistic in their rendering of the kinds of male figures that populated Bingham's finished pictures; at once humorous, sardonic and humane, with flights of virtuoso

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

draftsmanship in the delineation of clothing and physiognomies, of gesture and weight and moral stance—in these and other ways, Bingham's drawings form a kind of fulcrum of native American realism. Many of the qualities that are now most admired in the works of later practitioners in the realist tradition — Homer and Eakins especially — may be clearly glimpsed in these drawings, and more clearly there, I think, than in most of Bingham's paintings. The refusal to traffic in ideal forms, and the determination to use instead the materials of immediate visual experience: these twin cornerstones of the realist ideology are utilized with extraordinary eloquence and effect in this amazing body of work.

We should be much mistaken, however, if we succumbed to the delusion that these drawings constitute a kind of effortless reportage of the passing scene as it presented itself to Bingham's casual eye. In fact, they were meticulously drawn from models whom Bingham specially hired and posed for his purposes. Some of these models were friends and acquaintances; several were used in different costumes to represent diverse types. All were consciously employed by Bingham to fill particular roles, both graphic and dramatic, in the kind of realistic genre painting he was intent upon making the mainstay of his career. Ironically, perhaps — it would certainly have seemed ironic to Bingham — the drawings now have a look of completeness, of solidity and finality, that make them rival in interest the paintings of Bingham's later years. Untouched by the dreamlike luminosity of some of Bingham's finished works, a luminosity that sometimes elevates and softens his subjects in a way not altogether appropriate to their meaning, the drawings reveal the full, unbridled force of his eye when it was most freely engaged in an immediate graphic task. One thinks of the sculptures Eakins made to use as "models" for his paintings — work never intended by him to be regarded as serious sculpture — and which now strike us as among the most important sculptural accomplishments of the period. Bingham's drawings constitute a comparable achievement in graphic art.

The Knoedler exhibition is unusual in still another respect. It is a rare experience for New Yorkers to see work of this quality and rarity by an American artist of the nineteenth century, and to see it in such happy quantity on a single occasion. Assisted by the Metropolitan Museum, which keeps the bulk of its nineteenth-century American collection in storage, an art public that is widely regarded as the most sophisticated in the world remains for the most part egregiously ignorant of its native accomplishments and traditions. It would certainly come as a shock to this public to learn that thirty years ago Bingham was accorded a major exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art. Yet the shocks that the art of the past can sometimes administer to the cant of the present moment are not only salutary; they can be crucial. An event like this Bingham exhibition, releasing the mind, as it does, from the hurly-burly of current artistic concerns, restores one to the immediate scene with a more skeptical and a more knowledgeable eye.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

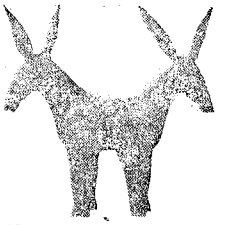
Before the final push of the spring season (about a dozen new productions are scheduled to appear in March) I take time for several "asides." One does not have the space to say everything one has in mind even in a weekly.

The last paragraph (a sort of postscript) of my *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* notice suggested that there was an "expressionistic" aspect to the play which might lend itself to another kind of production than the literal one we now have. For example, a different sort of setting might have been designed for it. But more is involved than just a visual manner.

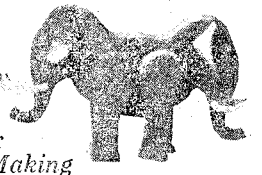
Even those who praise the play frequently voice dissatisfaction with its ending. For two acts husband and wife have been mauling each other to the point of crime; in the last act a reconciliation is hinted at. Very little in the first two acts, such criticism goes, prepares us for the almost wistful conclusion. The more severe critics suspect or accuse Albee of tacking on a "happy ending" to achieve popular acceptance. A *black* play, to employ Anouilh's term, says one reviewer, has been converted into a *rosy* one.

My reason for going into this matter now is that I wish to illustrate how production (staging or direction) actually affects a play's content—a point

DAVID BRODER, *Washington Star*:



"The best book about American politics...



...to appear since *The Making of the President* ... Mr. Burns' analysis illuminates the current debate over what [Kennedy] will ... make of the office ... Should be ... the most hotly debated book of the year in Washington." ROSCOE DRUMMOND, *Saturday Review* says: "James MacGregor Burns has calmly tossed an unlighted time bomb onto the American political scene. Compulsory ... and exciting reading ... constructively disturbing. I recommend it to everybody." LIFE says: "A provocative theory about conflict between President and Congress." TIME calls the book "tantalizing." THE NEW YORK TIMES reports "... impressive research in a crisp, vigorous and readable prose." ATLANTIC: "One of the most significant political tracts in recent years." Enter the discussion yourself. Get a copy of "Deadlock" today. $5.95

THE DEADLOCK OF DEMOCRACY
Four-Party Politics in America
By JAMES MacGREGOR BURNS
Author of ROOSEVELT: The Lion and the Fox and JOHN KENNEDY: A Political Profile

Buy it from your bookseller, or order from the publisher. Write to Dept. 329
PRENTICE-HALL, INC.
Englewood Cliffs, N. J.
Publisher will pay postage if payment is enclosed.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I have frequently insisted upon because it often appears to be completely overlooked.

If *Virginia Woolf* is naturalism, then its plot premise — two people married for nearly twenty years, invent, imagine and quarrel over a son never born to them—is hardly credible, if not altogether fantastic. But it should be clear that what Albee intends with this device is to dramatize a dream or falsehood which helps keep the couple, at odds on other accounts, together: their marriage is sustained by a lie. Many marriages and lives, Albee may be saying, become miserable because they are based on chimeras, on an evasion of facts. Only when reality, howsoever painful, is faced, when life's wretched disappointments are steadfastly confronted, can there be hope of sanity and strength. George, the husband, breaks through his wife's illusion by the fiercely determined declaration, "Our son is dead": we must kill the lie.

The play, then, is a sort of parable and its savagery is an extravagant heightening of reality. If this is so, the ending is not a trick to soften the play but the essence of its meaning, its moral point.

This escapes us when the play is set, as it is now, in a pedestrian (photographic) representation of a college professor's house. What is required is a set which informs us at once that what we are to witness is super-real, exemplary, if you will, symbolic. A new atmosphere would have to be created in which some of the agonized tenderness of the play's final moments might be anticipated, sensed from the beginning. The acting might then avoid the crackle of its hard-hitting wisecracks and vernacular sadism, would be modified by a mood of pathetic dimension, of yearning and regret. Even now this is perceptible in Shepperd Strudwick's playing of George at the matinee performances (the play, exhausting to the actors, employs two casts).

I feel certain that some such interpretation will be attempted when the play is done in Germany, Sweden or perhaps in one of the new theatres which have been established in certain cities outside New York.

The present production of *Virginia Woolf* is respectful of its author's conscious demands and as such effective. But a play indifferently received, S. N. Behrman's *Lord Pengo*, barely comes to life in a production which to the innocent eye might appear adequate.

Lord Pengo has almost no plot; it is a would-be character study based on its author's book *Duveen*. Pengo is a tycoon, a merchant of art. He is superficially urbane, with that mask of charm necessary to salesmanship on the suavely luxurious scale required for traffic in old masters. Behrman likes, even admires and possibly envies, the old bastard, but he manages to tell the truth about him. Pengo is a Hearst, a Louis B. Mayer, a forceful, shrewd, ruthless, swindling, grandiose racketeer aloft on Bernard Berenson's air. He has a mailed fist encased in an ersatz Italian Renaissance glove fashioned in a British factory.

The play is written with the euphonious elegance which echoes Behrman's aspiration to security, comfort, culture and grace. But the little twentieth-century demon in Behrman peppers the confection with sauces of skepticism and flirtatious derision. Behrman's writing is never realistic, although Broadway convention always presses him to a pretense of realism. *Lord Pengo*, to begin with, is set in stylish expensiveness which in this production ends by looking like a salon at Saks instead of achieving a witty stage style of an epigrammatic opulence.

Far more damaging than this is the casting of Charles Boyer as the Lord his son resents and succumbs to. Boyer is a wholly engaging, intelligent, practiced player. He is by nature essentially gentle, considerate, introspective, with all the virtues of a refined middle-class Frenchman. He is extremely likable but not in the terms of Pengo-Duveen, not in the sense that made Chaplin call Hearst a great man though a monster. Thus, while it is entirely correct to write, as most reviewers did, that Boyer gives a delightful performance, it is like saying, "I met an awfully attractive gentleman at lunch the other day." The performance—as cast and directed—has no relation to what Behrman's play, which has several good scenes, should convey. Peter Ustinov might have done the job.

Speaking of Ustinov, his latest work *Photo Finish* (Brooks Atkinson Theatre) which I commented on here when I saw it in London last spring, is a clever, though overelaborate, piece of showmanship. It provides an agreeably digestive pastime.

It is built on the novel notion of having an octogenarian face, converse, remonstrate, quarrel and commiserate with himself at the ages of twenty, forty and sixty, as well as fight with his now-deceased father to whom he says in the line which is the "topper" of the show, "You can't talk to me like that, because I'm older than you."

Photo Finish is deftly written and constructed and possesses just enough content to seem to have some. It is not as well cast or acted here as in London, except for two of its original players: Paul Rogers and Ustinov himself. They are both superb—superb, that is, within the range of the play's scope.

They give us humorous mimicry, a kind of stage genre painting. Ustinov shows us every tic and mannerism of crusty old age, the whole surface of senility viewed as fun. Paul Rogers, in the best projected part in the play, is a wryly observed *trompe l'oeil* portrait of a Victorian gentleman done, if I may be permitted a distortion, in cartoon brown study. The scenes with Paul Rogers and Ustinov and some of the others is an actors' feast which I am theatrically conservative enough to have thoroughly enjoyed.

HOW TO PUBLISH YOUR BOOK

Join our successful authors in a complete and reliable publishing program: publicity, advertising, handsome books. Speedy, efficient service. Send for FREE manuscript report & copy of Publish Your Book.

CARLTON PRESS Dept. NNC
84 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

What Happens to Property Values When Non-Whites Move In...?

The film report

"PROPERTY VALUES AND RACE"

gives the facts about the relationship of racial change to property values.

24 minutes – 16 mm.
black & white – sound

$100 purchase price includes can, reel, and 1000 summaries for viewers.

For more information, write

COUNCIL FOR CIVIC UNITY
437 Market Street
San Francisco 5, Calif.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FILMS

Robert Hatch

I have never felt that I fully understood Kafka's *The Trial*. There are inconsistencies in the closing passages for which I cannot find a resolving interpretation. Max Brod has said that one or more chapters are missing immediately before the final chapter, and it may be that they would have clarified what for me remains enigmatic.

Orson Welles's screen version of the novel ends in a way that I understand very well, though how he fancies that the tale leads up to his moral I cannot even guess. The picture closes with a mushroom cloud, and we all agree that mankind cannot be too often enjoined against global self-destruction (the usefulness of clichés in this context, however, becomes increasingly dubious); but what concerned Kafka was the degradation of the individual spirit, not the incineration of the universal gene. And despite present very real nuclear terrors, I suspect that his foretaste of hell will prove to be the more real.

Welles has always had a weakness for pinning contemporary symbols of doom on to classic moralities—setting brown shirts loose in Caesar's forum, causing swastika and hammer and sickle to flicker balefully above Bosworth Field. The preacher in him gets the better of the magician and he lapses into banality. In the case of *The Trial*, moreover, I suspect that Welles has also been unable to find an exit from the enigma and has therefore blasted his way clear. It is not an elegant solution.

However, there is merit in the bulk of the picture. Welles, as I said, is a magician; he is exceedingly adept at enforcing the reality of illusion, and he creates the world of K's torment with a brilliant grasp of erotic absurdity and visual *non sequitur*. *The Trial*, he asserts almost belligerently, is a dream, and it may well be so. Like Joyce's Earwicker, K appears to sleep at different levels, and the deeper his slumber the more dilapidated, ornate, repetitive and labyrinthine become his movie surroundings. When he rises toward wakefulness—and he may even wake at moments—his neighborhood becomes more functional and utterly bleak. Welles over-seasons his stew with Freud—levitation, pursuit and

Who Will Win?

The National Book Awards are presented annually for the most distinguished books of fiction, of non-fiction, and of poetry written by American citizens and published in the U.S. in the preceding year. From the hundreds of eligible books published last year, judges for the 1963 National Book Awards have narrowed their field of choice to the following leading contenders:

FICTION

PALE FIRE *by Vladimir Nabokov* Putnam's
SHIP OF FOOLS *by Katherine Anne Porter* Atlantic-LB
THE GOLDEN SPUR *by Dawn Powell* Viking
MORTE D'URBAN *by J. F. Powers* Doubleday
GOING AWAY *by Clancy Sigal* Houghton Mifflin
PIGEON FEATHERS *by John Updike* Knopf

Judges: Elizabeth Hardwick, Harry Levin, Gore Vidal

NON-FICTION

SILENT SPRING *by Rachel Carson* Houghton Mifflin
HENRY JAMES Vols. 2 and 3 *by Leon Edel* Lippincott
O'NEILL *by Arthur and Barbara Gelb* Harper & Row
CONTEMPORARIES *by Alfred Kazin* Little, Brown
THE ROTHSCHILDS *by Frederic Morton* Atheneum
CHEKHOV *by Ernest J. Simmons* Atlantic-LB
JOHN ADAMS Vols. 1 and 2 *by Page Smith* Doubleday
THE GUNS OF AUGUST *by Barbara Tuchman* Macmillan
PATRIOTIC GORE *by Edmund Wilson* Oxford

Judges: William L. Laurence, Walter Lord, Harry T. Moore

POETRY

FOR LOVE *by Robert Creeley* Scribner's
THE DRAWBRIDGE *by Donald F. Drummond* Alan Swallow
IN THE CLEARING *by Robert Frost* Holt
THANK YOU AND OTHER POEMS *by Kenneth Koch* Grove
THE NEXT ROOM OF THE DREAM *by Howard Nemerov* Chicago
ALL MY PRETTY ONES *by Anne Sexton* Houghton Mifflin
COLLECTED POEMS *by Winfield Townley Scott* Macmillan
TRAVELING THROUGH THE DARK *by William Stafford* Harper & Row
PICTURES FROM BRUEGHEL *by William Carlos Williams* New Directions

Judges: Rolfe Humphries, Henry Rago, Reed Whittemore

Prizes, of $1000 to each winner, are donated by the sponsors, the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, and the Book Manufacturers Institute. The National Book Awards are administered by the National Book Committee, a non-profit educational association.

Who will win in '63?
Watch for the announcement of the winners—
Tuesday, March 12th

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUBLICATIONS

Thought-provoking!

Is Full Employment Possible?

By Hyman Lumer

"This book contains more basic data and sound thinking on the job problem than we have seen in any book twice its size," says **Robert W. Dunn**, head of **Labor Research Association**, about Dr. Lumer's comprehensive study of unemployment in the highly-monopolized capitalist economy of the U.S.A.

Irving Potash, in "Political Affairs," calls it "a brilliant treatment of a whole series of questions relating to unemployment which are on the minds of every worker and on the order of business of every union."

Here is a book which helps clarify the relationship between joblessness and automation, foreign competition and the export of jobs, and explains the meaning of the blight of "depressed areas" in the midst of booming profits, and why automation and new machinery in the Soviet Union, unlike in the U.S.A., means not unemployment but the freeing of labor for other tasks.

Paperback $1.50; Cloth $2.50

At most bookshops or

NEW CENTURY PUBLISHERS
832 Broadway New York 3, N.Y.

L'EXPRESS

the leading liberal paper in France today. Send 10c for your copy. HOWARD PUBLICATIONS, 1475 Broadway, New York 36

EDUCATIONAL

TEST I.Q.

Accurately, inexpensively. Home-administered, professionally scored, analyzed and interpreted. Research program participation available. Adults or children. University Testing Institute, R-32, Box 6744, Stanford, California.

LEARN WHILE ASLEEP, self-hypnosis, prayer-plant experiments! Details, catalog **FREE. Research Association, Box 24-TN. Olympia, Washington.**

PUBLIC NOTICE

ATTENTION LLANO COLONY STOCKHOLDERS: To validate your rights and claim send in photocopy of your stock certificate at once. **LLANO DEL RIO CO. OF NEVADA, Albert Kapotsy, Sr., General Manager, Leesville, La.**

Buy Your Books

through *The Nation*

Nation readers can avail themselves of our offer to send them any book (except paperbacks) at the regular retail price post-free if payment is received with the order, or at the retail price plus postage if the book is sent C.O.D. No C.O.D.'s outside the United States. When ordering, please give name and author and publisher, if possible.

Please address your orders to

THE READER'S SERVICE DIVISION
333 Sixth Ave. New York 14, N.Y.

the ascent of circular staircases tap out a Viennese Morse code at the spectator—but he did convince me that I was watching the dream obverse of reality. And visually his effects are often stunning (I mean like a box on the ear).

Welles himself plays the advocate, in the style of refined bogey-man that has become his latest theatrical manner; it works well enough, but one is still left with the problem of Anthony Perkins as K. He is much more acceptable than I had expected, and nevertheless entirely wrong. Kafka's hero is a man in his thirties, a bureaucrat of promise and some authority; a solid man and the law's perfect victim because a perfectly lawful man. Perkins looks and acts more like a Dostoevsky student, one who travels light and loose in the society, an intellectual, a rebel, an obvious object of mistrust for any totalitarian cop. Moreover, he is somewhat effeminate in moments of pressure, and thereby more waspish than indignant. It is impossible to overlook the probability that "the trial" is something he will outgrow and Kafka did not frame his book as a study in adolescence.

It would be wrong to blame Perkins for any of this; indeed, the fact that for brief moments he coincides with Kafka's K is the best evidence I have yet seen that his acting talent is based on something more substantial than a yearnable personality. But I cannot understand why Welles sent a boy to meet a man's fate. Indeed, I cannot understand why an artist as strong and ingenious as Welles so consistently flaws his work.

Time has called *David and Lisa* the best American film of the year. One might reply that that's not saying much, but it is indeed a picture of great sweetness and delicacy. The two young principals, inmates of a school for seriously disturbed adolescents, regain at least the possibility of sanity, partly through the warm and selfless ministrations of their guardians, but mainly through a growing affection and concern for each other. David and Lisa are products of environments more blatantly unhealthy than you would be apt to encounter in a quick survey of suburbia, and their symptoms are therefore more violent than what passes for tolerable behavior in their age group. But I get the unhappy impression that their situation is unusual only in degree, and that somehow we have created a national environment that is noxious to youth and the process of growth.

The picture depressed me more than any I have seen in many months. In a sense, that is no criticism, since the intention was not to make me merry. But the depression stems not entirely from the tragic plight of these, and any, children; it arises also from the baffling ambiguity of the film's method. If it is a work of fiction, a love story, then it lacks many of the details of character and the perspective of events and surroundings that would give some depth to personality. A story that focuses almost entirely on people who are out of their senses, and which parts from them at the moment when they approach control, has not much dramatic contact with the audience. On the other hand, if the picture is a documentary, it does not give nearly enough factual data to make the maladies and the cures clear to the layman. I suspect that *David and Lisa* is an attempt to be socially useful that has straddled fiction and documentation in the hope of making an impact at both levels. The effect is frustrating.

Jean Gabin and Jean-Paul Belmondo collaborate in *Monkey in Winter* to prove that nature's nobleman is the alcoholic. The spectacle of two virtuoso charmers matching ham for ham and stagger for stagger is stimulating, and the picture is rich in local color (the French Riviera off-season). It is perhaps a little cruel to make a jolly caper out of dipsomania—like guffawing at locomotor ataxia — but the picture merely goes along with the popular wisdom that drink is not a disease but an antic vice.

Love and Larceny, making a virtue of implausibility and relying candidly on Vittorio Gassman's winning virility to offset tedium, is a marathon of comic thievery, trickery and confidence ludicrously misplaced. Alec Guinness does it better (including the infinitely elaborate and instantly transparent disguises), but this is better than fair.

Master and Teacher

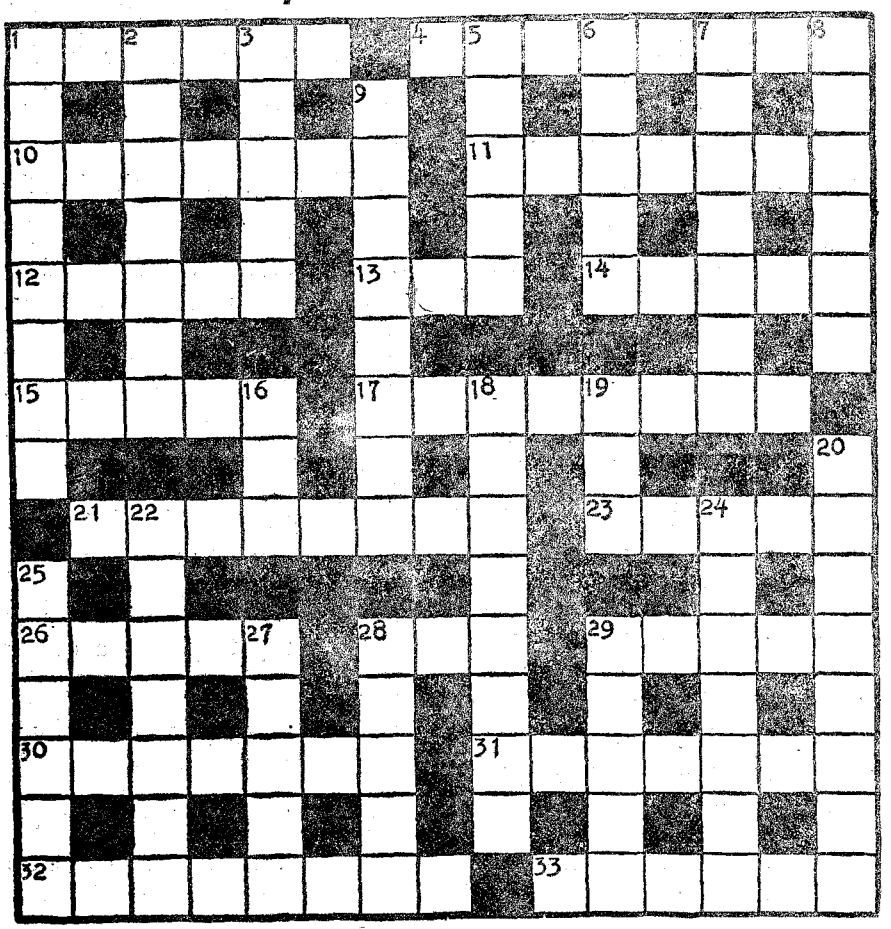
Teach me the only beginning.
Point me to the god
Of the hidden time.
When I say the old names
Of mountains and rivers,
Put the map in my hand.

Harvey Shapiro

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 1,001

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1, 16 and 19 down Attic movie? (4, 2, 3, 3)
4 Samsonian weapon? (8)
10 Night, it seems, is a matter of importance in some religions. (7)
12, 11 and 29 down One might have to, if sent for *Novum Organum.* (5, 4, 3, 5)
14 Inclined to be fired lengthwise.
15 But the poet isn't always so welcome! (5)
17 Writing like Zola, by the sound of it? (8)
21 Is such a plan sure to be heavenly?
23 Are they left full in the middle with dresses and pants? (5)
26 One might so tire, when worn out. (5)
28 Fighting without a thing on, in a way? (It's not very important.)
29 Short fiber product. (5)
30 A wind of Spain, or the region nearby. (7)
31 Having the correct address? (7)
32 Suggesting team behavior doesn't permit of the headlong approach.
33 A reef really shouldn't present such a problem. (6)

DOWN:

1 Established course with a sack and a vegetable. (8)
2 One shouldn't drive beyond it, according to court procedure. (Only main features are shown.)
3 Inspiring respect for a part of the Air Force? (5)
5 Is one a sucker to join the Delta Phi Delta's? (5)
6 Does one so object to being almost prim? (5)
7 To have substance to understand and portend the result? (7)
8 Corrects an impression a German city is about to conclude. (6)
9 Are such reforms the law of the land? (8)
16 and 19 See 1 across
18 Gilds the things which are already most attractive, perhaps. (8)
20 Don't waste a drop, practically!
22 29 down could hardly be so ill, still! (7)
24, 13 across and 28 down Just 29 down for the most part, and double the score. (It's a doubtful compliment to miss.) (4, 3, 3, 5)
25 Where some statesmen seem to lead us? (They was robbed!) (6)
27 A contemptuous expression of Lawrence, as a suggestion. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1000

ACROSS: 1 Hornpipe; 5 Static; 9 Undergo; 10 Fiacres; 11 Incense; 12 Replies; 13 Deputy sheriff; 15 Philanthropic; 21 Curacao; 22 Nebulae; 23 Readies; 24 Editors; 25 Lister; 26 Asphodel. DOWN: 1 Houris; 2 Reduced; 3 Parsnip; 4 Protestations; 6 Trample; 7 Termini; 8 Casts off; 10 Forest rangers; 14 Spectral; 16 Inroads; 17 Ascribe; 18 Publish; 19 Colloid; 20 Teasel.

SUMMER RENTAL

LEE-RA COLONY, High Falls, N.Y. (Thruway Exit 18). Modern Bungalows for cultured people. Day Camp. Social Hall; Filtered Pool; Handball; Fishing; Playgrounds; Laundrette. Golf nearby. **KI 6-1856-KI 3-7428**

VACATIONS

ONLY 50 MILES FROM N.Y.C.

Beautiful 8 mile lake. Golf at a magnificent Country Club. Dancing, Entertainment. Superb Cuisine. Fireproof Bldg. Elevator. Special "single" weekends. Group facilities. In New York City call at local rate.

FAirbanks 5-7227
MAhopac 8-3449

FOREST house
LAKE MAHOPAC, N. Y.

TRAVEL

333 EUROPE HOTELS

More than 140 European cities in 19 countries covered in this handy list of 333 low and medium priced hotels for the footloose & thrifty tourist, family or group planning its own way. Prices, address, etc. Useful as a tour supplement. Major tourist cities plus colorful smaller towns & resorts popular with Europeans. Fits pocket or purse & can save you many times its cost en route A very useful gift for your Europe-bound friends. Send $1 to:
Bon Voyage Info, Box 24684-Na, Los Angeles 24, Cal.

CAMPS

THE ROCK provides challenge and an adventure in meaning for the thoughtful boy and girl, 10-17. 70 campers. Activities and interests encountered beyond the conventional camping program, along with a rich variety of sports. Write for literature. **Mr. and Mrs. R. Williams, RFD Williamsburg, Mass.**

SERVICES

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON, ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.)**

WE MOVE YOU WITHOUT TEARS — Economical, insured moving and storage. Vans, wagons—NYC, resorts, long distance. **The Padded Wagon, Inc., AL 5-8343 (NYC). 569 Hudson Street, New York 14.**

TELEVISION AND AIR-CONDITIONING, (Bronx, Manhattan, Yonkers). **University Television Service, 150 W. Kingsbridge Rd., Bronx 63, N.Y. CY 8-0420.**

MERCHANDISE FOR SALE

BUY YOUR 'BEST BUY' AT STANDARD during 1963. Radios, TV's, Hi-Fi's. Appliances, Gifts, etc. at DISCOUNT PRICES.
STANDARD BRAND DIST.
27 Union Sq. W., N.Y.C. CH 2-1880

PERSONALS

MILLIONS OF PEACE HOSTAGES FOR SURVIVAL

Endorsed by growing numbers of famous scientists, educators, clergymen, entertainers and ordinary citizens of many countries, **THE PEACE HOSTAGE EXCHANGE** needs your support. Entered in the **Congressional Record** (10/4/62) by Senators Javits and Humphrey, the plan calls for massive exchange of citizens and relatives of leaders in NATO and Soviet countries? For information, write **PEACE HOSTAGE EXCHANGE FOUNDATION, Box 2737, Grand Central Station, N.Y. 17, N.Y.**

INDEPENDENT THINKERS — investigate **HUMANISM,** the nonsupernatural personal philosophy. Free literature. **American Humanist Association, Dept. N2, Yellow Springs, Ohio.**

Printed in the U. S. A. by RCR Publication Printers Corp., N. Y. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAN WE GET OFF THE ROAD TO WAR?

COUNCIL FOR A LIVABLE WORLD

1346 Connecticut Avenue, NW, Washington 6, DC

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Co-Chairmen

WILLIAM DOERING
Professor of Chemistry
Director, Division of Sciences
Yale University

LEO SZILARD
Professor of Biophysics
University of Chicago

President

BERNARD T. FELD
Professor of Physics
Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Vice President

ALLAN FORBES, JR.
Documentary film director-producer
Cambridge, Mass.

Secretary-Treasurer

DANIEL M. SINGER
Attorney
Washington, D. C.

RUTH ADAMS
Managing Editor
Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists
Chicago, Ill.

MAURICE S. FOX
Associate Professor of Biology
Massachusetts Institute of Technology

MARGARET BRENMAN GIBSON
The Austen Riggs Center
Stockbridge, Mass.

MORTON GRODZINS
Professor of Political Science
University of Chicago

JAMES G. PATTON
President
National Farmers' Union
Denver, Colo.

ARTHUR PENN
Theater and Film Director
New York, N. Y.

CHARLES PRATT, JR.
Photographer
New York, N. Y.

FRANKLIN W. STAHL
Assistant Professor of Biology
University of Oregon

It is easier to keep on building Minuteman and Polaris rockets as fast as available production facilities permit than it is to devise an adequate agreement on arms control that Russia would be willing to accept; but if we continue to follow this line of least resistance, we shall, before long, reach a point of no return in an all-out arms race.

There are many people within the Administration and in the Congress who are deeply disturbed about the general drift towards war. The Council for a Livable World believes that it should be possible for these people to reach a consensus on what needs to be done. It is one of the functions of the Council to assist in clarifying some of the more complex problems by bringing to Washington from time to time, scientists and scholars with a special competence and interest in these issues.

But even if the Administration may see clearly what needs to be done, it might still have to follow the line of least resistance, unless there were a change in the atmosphere of Congress that would enable the Administration resolutely to pursue a course that could get us off the road to war.

20,000 seriously concerned Americans, *united on attainable political objectives and willing to spend two percent of their income on campaign contributions,* could well bring about the needed change in Congressional attitudes. Based on an average annual income of $10,000, these contributions would amount to $4 million a year. Compared with expenses in a Senatorial campaign which may vary from $100,000 in the smaller states to $1 million in the larger ones, this sum is clearly sufficient, if wisely spent, to have a profound effect on the composition of Congress by bringing about the election of a number of able, courageous men.

The Council advises its supporters where contributions should go in order to be most effective. In 1962, the Council, formed in June of that year, recommended to its supporters a slate of three candidates for the U.S. Senate. Campaign contributions in the form of checks, made out directly to the individual candidates, were sent to the Council for transmittal. In this manner, the Council transmitted to individual candidates sums up to $20,000. All three candidates were elected and, in one instance, the Council's support was recognized as crucial.

The Council is currently pursuing a number of concrete and urgent objectives aimed at halting the arms race. If you think you might want to join those who are helping the Council to attain its objectives, please write us for further information.

WILLIAM DOERING
LEO SZILARD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED